

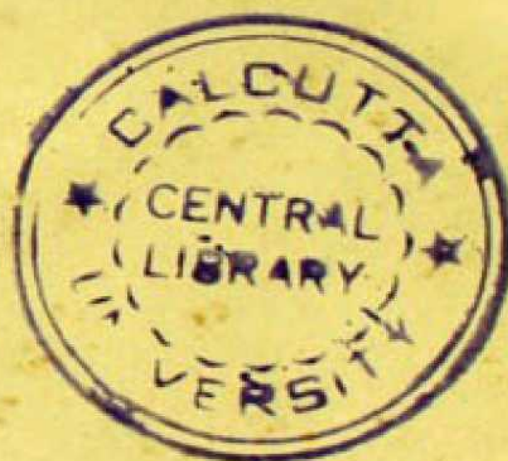


THE TEMPEST

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FOREWORD

It is sixteen years now since I retired, after thirty-one years of work in teaching at the Presidency College. The memory of that work, and of the happiness I felt in performing it has never left me. In imagination often, and in dreams sometimes, it has come back to me. But this is no more than the shadow of a past happiness. The affection of two of my old pupils is replacing this shadow by the substance; and as I once lectured on Shakespeare in the Class-Room, their affection enables me now to lecture again on Shakespeare through the Press.

July, 1928
London

H. M. Percival

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INTRODUCTION

I

The Date of the Play

The Tempest was first published in the Folio of 1623. There are no quartos of it.

The date of its composition is late among Shakespeare's plays, and judged by internal evidence, the play is one of the three latest composed, the others being *Winter's Tale* and *Henry VIII.*

These internal evidences are:—the great number

(1) of eleven-syllabled lines ("feminine" ending);

(2) of "run-on lines," in which the sense does not end with the line, but runs on to the next; and, as a result, of the "weak" endings of lines in unstressed words (like auxiliaries, particles, etc.);

(3) of twelve-syllabled lines ("Alexandrines");

(4) of discardings of the regular iambic pentameters, replacing them by irregular rhythms (like trochees, spondees, doubly stressed monosyllables making a whole foot, pyrrhics). For these irregularities there is the general reason that they express the sense better than regular iambics would do; particular reasons underlying each case will be pointed out in the *Notes*, where the scansions I give differ from those usually given.

The external evidences of late composition are:—

(1) The accounts given of Somers's voyage, undertaken in 1609, to the Bermudas (the earliest being published in 1610), from which some of the incidents in the play are clearly derived.

(2) The reference to *The Tempest* in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, published in 1614: "If there be never a *Servant-monster* in the Fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of *Anticks*? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempest*, and such like *Drolleries*."



(3) The occurrence of a tempest in England in 1613, and the marriage of King James's daughter to the Prince Palatine, also in 1613, may be only mentioned as weak evidence in favour of fixing a late date of composition, after this year.

So also may be dismissed an attempt to carry this date back to 1596, in feeble reliance on a passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (acted in 1596) that mentions thunder, storm, monsters.

The date of first acting is fixed as being 1611 on this definite evidence: A performance, before King James at Whitehall Palace, of *The Tempest* in November, 1611, is recorded in the register of the Court Revels.

II

Sources of the Incidents

The Sources of Incidents in the play are:—

(1) For the Enchanted Island, the Storm, the Shipwreck, an account, *The Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, etc: published in 1610.

(2) For Gonzalo's "Plantation," and its "Commonwealth," Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603 and Amadas's *Voyage to the Coast of Virginia* (sent out by Raleigh in 1584) printed in Hakluyt.

(3) For Savages described as devils and witches, for White Men looked upon as gods by them, for Monsters, for the Supernatural (and other incidents), *Hakluyt's Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*, 1589: namely, these voyages to the New World:—

- (a) Frobisher's second voyage, 1577, and the description of the country and people of *Meta Incognita*;
- (b) May's shipwreck upon the isle of Bermuda, 1595;
- (c) Raleigh's voyage to Trinidad, and up the Orinoco, 1595;
- (d) Keymis's voyage to Guiana, 1596;
- (e) Drake's "voyage into the South Sea, and thence about the Globe of the whole earth," 1577-1580;



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(f) Hawks's voyage to New Spain, 1572;

(g) Tomson's voyage to New Spain, 1555.

As to the **Source of the Plot itself**, there is none except Shakespeare's own imagination.

Vain attempts have been made to trace the source of the plot of the play as a whole, in

(1) An old Ballad, *The Enchanted Island*, the story of which closely resembles that of the play. But it is now proved that the play is the source of the ballad, for it was written during the closing of theatres by the Puritan government, to give a popular version of the then forbidden play.

(2) "*Comedy of The Fair Sidea, what befell her till her marriage*," by Ayrrer (written in German). Ayrrer died in 1605 and therefore before our play was written. In his play there are these incidents; a magician-king, his daughter Sidea, another king who defeats him in battle, dispossesses him, and sends him and his daughter into exile, where they go and live in a cave in a forest; there is a prince, the victor's son, whose sword is charmed by the magician exile in the forest, who condemns him to carry logs; and there is a wedding between prince and princess at the end. The rest of this story is very different from that of *The Tempest*. In it there is a "devil spirit" very different from Ariel; Sidea is a virago, and herself is a minor magician, she elopes with the prince, is pursued, and hides up in a tree; the magician in exile is near human habitations, and has ordinary human servants, etc. In it there is no uninhabited and enchanted island, no shipwreck, real or enchanted, no Ariel, no company of air spirits, no Caliban, no savage life, no maiden like the Miranda we know from her infancy and love so well.

(3) *Aurelio and Isabella* (1586), a romance mentioned long ago by Warton as a source that had been suggested to him, but which he himself doubted. In it there is a "chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services"; he adds that this "chemistry" was the art practised by the Rosicrucians, and that "the name Ariel came from Talmudistic mysteries" of the Jewish Rabbis.

(4) A Spanish romance by Eslava, one of a collection named "The Winter Nights" (*Las Noches de Invierno*), referred to by



Dowden. In it there is a magician-king, who raises a palace in the middle of the sea, who has a daughter, for whom, with the help of a tempest raised by magic, he obtains a prince for husband; and in it sea-nymphs take a part.

None of these above can be called a "Source" of the Plot of *The Tempest*; they all show partial resemblances. In the case of *The Fair Sidea*, these are close in some of the incidents, though the whole of that play is the sorriest mechanical stage-stuff. In Shakespeare's days English actors in companies often visited Germany, and they may have brought the story back to England, and Shakespeare may have heard it from them, and may have woven some of the incidents into his story. This does not make it a source, but makes it a tributary to the main stream of imaginative creation, that had its source in the author himself.

III

Historical Connections

These connections are slight with the Old World. In the sixteenth century Naples was under the direct rule of the Spanish viceroys of the kings of Spain, and Milan was a dependency of Naples. Before this, Naples had its own kings, and Milan its own dukes, but both were under the suzerainty of Spain. This accounts for some of the names in the play: Alonzo (Alfonso), Ferdinand, (Fernando), Gonzalo, are Spanish names (the first two being names of kings in both Spanish and Neapolitan history, and the third that of a famous Spanish "Captain"). The character of Prospero also shows this. Like the last Italian dukes of Milan of the house of Sforza ruling under Spanish domination, Prospero had turned, from the distasteful work of a vassal ruler, to the cultivation of the liberal arts, that enabled him to live a life of intellectual freedom. The connection with Tunis is slighter still. A marriage of an Italian princess with a king of Tunis has no historical basis; the only historical fact being that there was a colony of Spanish merchants there. With Algiers and the famous Barbary pirates, the only connection is unhistorical—the deportation of a witch out of a Moslem



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state; for both these states were under the Moslem rule of *pashas* and *beys*, subject to the sultans of Roum (Constantinople).

But the connection with the New World is close; and the plot of this play is so planned as to bring it into frequent evidence, and to give an originality to the story as being all Shakespeare's own. The main features of what followed the discovery of the New World by the White Man—the vanishing of his ideal of the "Noble Savage," that he dreamt of before that discovery, his waking experience of the Actual Savage after it, his attempted colonization of discovered lands, his benevolent efforts to civilize the savage, his evil influence in demoralizing him—are all brought out; but all as arising out of the course of the action of the play. In it, the New World is the Enchanted Island; the "birds and swine" of the Bermudas are the Ariels, the Sycoraxes, the Calibans of that world—are its natives, having in their natures both what is good and what is bad in human nature. Prospero's mind and hand are those of the beneficent white man, working to civilize these natives, so as to cultivate the good and eradicate the bad in them. The success of his work is shown in Ariel, its failure in Caliban. Stephano and Trinculo are the "mean whites", whose activities succeed, as theirs do with Caliban, in demoralizing the natives, and making them worse than they were before they saw the white man's face. Alonzo and the lords are another class of the white man in America—the Spanish *conquistadores*, taking no interest in the New World and its inhabitants, except as they solely served their own selfish ends. And Gonzalo—what can we make of him in history? Is he a political dreamer about the "Noble Savage", or is he his disillusioned satirist? Is he the type of that yet other class of the white man in America—the Las Casas, who saw the callous injustice, the greed, the cruelty in the name of religion, of the conquistadores towards the natives, and the depravity brought upon them by the Stephanos and Trinculos from the Old World, but who, not gifted with the master-mind and active hand of Prospero, felt for them, but could not help them? The good Gonzalo *might* be the type of the good Las Casas, the "Apostle of the Indies" and of men like him, who wished well to the Indians, but could do little to help them. Or is Gonzalo the type of the Englishman at home (Shakespeare one among them), who watched



the history of colonization in the New World by their own countrymen, and drew their inferences from its results? Raleigh made an attempt (1584) to colonize a newly discovered country that he named "Virginia" in advance: all that came of it was that no colony settled in it, but the *name* only remained. A second attempt succeeded in settling a colony in North Carolina; after a few years, the colony had to be abandoned, not a single man being found alive in it in 1591; a third attempt of his was to discover and conquer Guiana, and set up in it a "golden kingdom" with El Dorado for its capital; his account of this exploit was received with incredulity, and the only thing believed of it was the fact of its failure (1594). Just before *The Tempest* was composed, came revived attempts to colonize Virginia, one being the romantic story (whose truth was once called in question) of the sufferings of John Smith in its administration (1607-1609), the other, the expedition of Somers, 1610. With these stories before them, would not Gonzalo and Shakespeare be sceptical about the wisdom of taking in hand "plantations," in the New World, and gravely point their satire and irony against attempts to do so? Gonzalo *might*, again, be the type of those Englishmen, and among them Shakespeare, whom disillusionment had turned into grave satirists.

IV

The Action of the Play

The Action consists in the Righting of a Wrong; a wrong patiently endured for twelve years, and righted in four hours. This righting is effected by the wronged man through the agency of a Fairy, bound to him by the bond of gratitude, controlled by him with the power of magic, and triumphing against the plots of wicked agents to thwart it. Involved in his restoration to his rights, is the happy marriage of a daughter, who from infancy had been the sharer of his wrong, and the comforter of his exile.

ACT I. The Project and the auspicious beginning of its Fulfilment.



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- ACT II. The Progress of the fulfilment clouded by two Plots formed that might have thwarted it.
- ACT III. The Frustration of one of the Plots.
- ACT IV. The further Progress of the Project, and the Frustration of the Other Plot.
- ACT V. The Fulfilment of the Project, taking up Four Hours from beginning to end.

I. i

The Storm and Shipwreck on the Enchanted Island, caused by Prospero's Magic, as the first step in carrying out his Project to make his enemies repent of the cruel wrong they had done to him and to his daughter, then an infant, twelve years ago; and to repair that wrong by bringing about an event that will be a safeguard against a repetition of it: that event is the marriage of this wronged daughter to the son of one of the wrongers and his own restoration to the dukedom of which he had been deprived by the other wronger.

I. ii

The Story of this Wrong, told by father to daughter: How Prospero's love for the cultivation of his own mind by devoting himself to the study of the liberal arts (which in those days included Magic) led him to entrust the cares of government in the dukedom of Milan to his brother; how this brother, helped by the king of Naples, supplanted him as duke, and deported him and her, then three years old, out of Italy, in the hope that both would perish at sea; how Providence brought them to the Enchanted Island; how they lived there twelve years; how Providence next brought his two enemies, and the son of one of them within the power of his magic; how he had used this power to raise a storm, and to wreck their ship and how, yet, neither ship nor a single life was actually lost.

All this work had been done by a spirit of the air, Ariel, whose services Prospero, as magician, commands. After he had performed this service, Ariel's longing for the freedom his airy nature loves, makes him demand it from his master; his master reminds him of the twelve years' confinement within the trunk of a tree that he had suffered at the hands of the Witch Sycorax, who ruled this island—

then the Island of Devils—before he came to it and released him. This reminder calls forth Ariel's gratitude, and his regret for his impatience to be given his freedom.

Another servant of Prospero's magic power is Caliban, son of Sycorax, a creature deformed in body and vicious in mind, employed by his master, as suits his nature, in the drudgery of domestic service in his cell. From Caliban's own mouth we hear his curses on Prospero for his efforts to educate him, and from Prospero's, of his despair of finding goodness or gratitude in him.

Under Prospero's direction, Ariel has landed Ferdinand, son of the king of Naples, safe on shore by himself and now brings him to where he meets Miranda. From his invisible station, Prospero sees, with inward satisfaction, the two young people fall in love with each other at first sight; but to put this love to the test by preventing its course from running too smooth, he, by magic again, compels Ferdinand to be his servant, in the very drudgery that Caliban had been cursing him for imposing on him.

II. i

The other notables who had been wrecked, and then been also landed safe by Ariel, take their misfortune in different ways. Alonzo taking a gloomy view of things, is despondent most at the drowning (as he thinks) of his son; Gonzalo, looking at their bright side, reminds him what a blessing it is that all present have escaped; that the island looks a very promising place to live in, if they have to make a long stay on it; that for a miracle, their clothes are not a bit wet or draggled, but look as trim as they did at the wedding of the king's daughter at Tunis, on the return journey from where they had met with this misfortune. The good man says, all this to make the king, if possible, forget the dead son by thinking of the living daughter; for at heart he too thinks the son is drowned. Now comes forward Francisco with the assurance to the king that his son must be alive, for he himself saw him bravely swimming towards shore. All the efforts of these good and well-meaning courtiers fail to remove the father's despondency. Then try the other two courtiers—bad-hearted, malicious men—to aggravate the king's gloom by reminding



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him that the loss of his son is a well-deserved retribution on him for having forced his daughter to the marriage, against the entreaties of all his courtiers. Gonzalo tries to stop this ill-timed talk, by starting a new subject—the "plantation," or colonization of this seemingly uninhabited island: how he would set up a "commonwealth by contraries" in it: a government in which there would be no government, a kingdom in which there would be no king, the fruit of which would be the universal happiness of the subjects of such a no-government and of such a no-kingdom.

Here enters Ariel, and, under orders from Prospero, puts all present to a charmed sleep, except the two bad men; one of whom this good chance strikes with the thought of murdering Alonzo and Gonzalo; and who, with cunning caution, gets the other to consent to the murders, which will make him king of Naples, and relieve his instigator of the presence in Milan of the one good friend that the dispossessed duke, his brother, has still living. As they are about to deal the fatal strokes that will effect this happy result, they are frustrated by Ariel, who wakes the sleepers just in time.

II. ii

Caliban, at his drudgery, and cursing its imposer, meets Trinculo, and takes him for a tormenting spirit sent by his master; while Trinculo takes him for a native islander. Stephano enters, drunk, and with more drink in a bottle; takes both, as they lie huddled up under a cloak to be one monster with four legs and two mouths; administers drink to both mouths: is joyfully recognized by Trinculo, and joyfully recognizes him, each having thought the other to be drowned. The drink in ten minutes effects on Caliban what Prospero's patient efforts for twelve years had failed to effect on him—it awakes his love for, his gratitude towards, his worship of, the new master who has given him the first taste of *fire-water*. Repeated drinks out of the bottle have made all three reeling drunk, and in this maudlin state, Stephano takes possession of the island in his own name, Caliban renounces Prospero's service and proclaims his own freedom, Trinculo hates Caliban and envies Stephano, because he is made so much of, and he himself is made so little of, by Caliban. The



details of the comedy of errors enacted by these three here will be found explained in the *Notes*.

III. i

The way in which Ferdinand and Miranda act as lovers never happened in the world's history of love since the days of Adam and Eve. Miranda had seen two men only before this: her old father whom she loves as a daughter, and Caliban whom she hates to loathing. Ferdinand is the first man she sees whom she can love as one young soul loves another: Ferdinand had seen many young ladies bred at the court of his father, but Miranda is the first woman he ever saw, who was a child bred all by nature, and his young soul flies to hers, with the first love he ever felt. In this sense (and not in Dryden's) can we say that Ferdinand had never seen a woman before. This unprecedented falling in love is followed by a courtship (we have to use this hackneyed word for a thing unique) as unprecedented: the young man carrying logs, the young woman offering to carry them for him; the young man protesting that carrying logs is a positive pleasure for him, for it keeps him near her, and asking for only one addition to that pleasure—what is her name? The young girl gives it at once, and at once feels sorry for giving it, for her father had forbidden her; and then adds that she wishes for nothing better in the world than to be near him; he tells her that he is a prince by birth and that he is a log-bearer for love of her; she replies that for love of him, she will be his wife, if he will have her; if, being a prince, he will not, she will still love him, whether he likes it or not, and will live without ever being wife to another; he replies he will make her his wife; she replies by calling him husband, and the two plight their faith. Was there courtship like this ever in this wide world? Old Prospero, invisible, has all the time been watching these proceedings, and full of satisfaction at them, goes off to consult his magic books, for further operations towards the fulfilment of his project thus far so happily advanced.

III. ii

Stephano has made Caliban lead the way, not to where they can find food, as he had offered to lead him, but to where he knows



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he can find more drink, namely, to the "cellar," where he had stored the butt of wine. Here the drinking is resumed; under the inspiration of which Stephano declares himself Commander-in-Chief on the island and appoints Lieutenants. Ariel enters, invisible, and in his hearing Stephano makes Caliban repeat the proposal he had made on the way to the "cellar", about killing his old master, and marrying his daughter; whereupon Stephano declares himself, prospectively, King of the island, with a Queen to grace his throne by his side, and with these two as his Viceroys. Ariel (after enacting another little comedy of errors) draws them with his music towards Prospero's cell.

III. iii

The king, with the nobles, has been wandering about the island in a vain search for his son, tired and hungry. Ariel presents them with the mockery of a banquet, brought in by his assistant spirits, in the "strange shapes" that they (like navigators in history) take for "monsters". As the banquet vanishes without their being able to taste it, Ariel, in solemn tones, addresses three guilty men, in a speech that is audible to them only, and to Prospero, who is present, invisible, and who had taught Ariel how he was to deliver the speech. It reproaches them for their crime against Prospero, calls their present sufferings a well-deserved punishment for it, exhorts them to repentance, and to amendment of their lives. Their awakened consciences or as Prospero says, his own magic charms, drive the three raging mad, and they rush out, wildly bent on self-destruction.

IV

Prospero tells Ferdinand the reason of his seemingly harsh treatment of him, releases him from his drudgery, and while giving his blessing on the coming union, solemnly enjoins him to strict chastity. Ariel, by instruction, brings in the Masque, which is made to be part of the action of the play, by being made to be the celebration, according to heathen or Greek rites, of the betrothal (or marriage) of Ferdinand and Miranda; the officiating priestesses of the rites being the goddesses Juno and Ceres; the goddess Venus and her son, Cupid, being excluded from being present, and indeed absenting themselves, crestfallen after the failure of their attempt to make



Ferdinand break his vow, frustrated by that young man's own strength of chastity. After the solemn rites, follow the merry-makings usual on such occasions, these being performed by others of Ariel's spirits, in the guise of country people.

All rejoicings are brought to an abrupt close by Prospero remembering that it is time to thwart the conspiracy hatched by Caliban, of which Ariel had duly informed him; who now tells him that he has, with his music, drawn all three towards his cell, but only to drench them in a horse-pond. The further punishment of these would-be murderers is planned thus:—The royal robes and other "frippery" as Prospero calls them—Gonzalo's care had put them in the ship, when he was packed off—are hung out on trees near the cell, as a trap; the would-be king and his white viceroy fall into it by dressing themselves in royal and viceregal robes, the black viceroy being made to carry more of the glittering stuff; in this trim they are set upon by some of Ariel's fairies in the shape of hounds. This is all the punishment they receive for planning a murder.

V

The sub-villains thus disposed of, the super-villains remain to be dealt with. Those meant murder, and ended in becoming merely thieves. These had been active instruments twelve years ago, in the crime of dethronement, of deportation, so planned as to lead to death; and an hour or two ago had been nearly successful in committing two murders; and had been punished by hunger and thirst, by madness. All the shipwrecked company of king and notables had now been collected by Ariel, under orders, in the grove near Prospero's cell, the three wicked ones raving mad, the three good ones attending them, mourning over their fate and over their own forlorn state. Hearing of this, Prospero's old heart relents, and he orders them all to be brought from the grove, and placed within a *charmed circle of healing* that he draws in front of his cell.

While Ariel goes about this, Prospero, dressed for the last time in his magic robes, delivers a farewell address to all those supernatural agents who had worked for the fulfilment of his grand project. These agents are the fairy spirits that love to haunt land and water to pursue their harmless pleasures by night, and that shun the

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approach of man; they are, one and all, no bigger than dolls, and, left to their own powers, are incapable of any actions but such as are harmless, like those of human children. But weak agents as by nature they are, Prospero's mighty power of magic had drilled them, under Ariel, their chief, for the performance of terrible feats, that lashed winds and waters into storms, rent the air with thunder and lightning, shook the solid earth with earthquakes, called up the dead from their graves, and ruled, convulsed, allayed the awful powers of nature, at their master's will. This will has now used as much of this tremendous power as he needs, for righting the wrong done him; and Prospero the Magician now declares his resolve to release his fairy army and its leader from his service; to, himself, abjure his magic, break and bury his magic staff, sink his magic book in the sea, and become, once more, Prospero, the mere Man.

As this address concludes, Ariel brings all the company in, and places them; music plays, the healing charm works, the wicked three begin to recover their senses slowly; and, when recovered sufficiently to understand him, Prospero addresses them. He curtly reminds them of their crime and, he forgives them; Gonzalo he addresses twice in most affectionate terms; but none of them, though they hear and understand, can recognize him in his magic robes; he therefore orders civilian dress (hat and rapier) to be brought, and, so dressed turns again to the spell-bound ones, after ordering Ariel to bring up the rest of the ship's company, from where he had stowed them in safety. At last the king and Gonzalo find their tongues, after Prospero has told them his name—"The wronged duke of Milan"—but are yet slow to believe. Prospero turns to the two villains, Antonio and Sebastian, and tells them he knows of their villainy, but will not reveal it to their intended victims; this is forgiveness again, and more than deserved.

Alonzo, now recovered sufficiently, asks for proofs that it is Prospero who is before him; and tells him of his loss—his son is drowned. This gives Prospero the cue he wants, and he replies that his own loss is as heavy—he has lost his daughter. Alonzo rejoins that he wishes to heaven he himself had been drowned, and they two were alive to succeed him as king and queen of Naples; thus does Alonzo give his consent to their marriage, even before he is asked



for it, and thus are smoothed all possible difficulties. Well satisfied, Prospero takes them to the door of his cell, and shows Alonzo Ferdinand and Miranda, both alive and well and happy in each other's company; father and son embrace, father-in-law asks pardon from daughter-in-law (for he had a hand in exposing her to almost certain death), and old Gonzalo pronounces a blessing upon the happy couple.

Ariel re-enters with the rest of the ship's crew or company; the master is silent, the boatswain is spokesman, but his language is different from what it was four hours ago; in respectful language he explains *that* they and the ship were both safe, but *how* they came to be safe, is more than he knows. To allay the growing astonishment of all present at mystery and miracle following upon mystery and miracle, Prospero says he will explain all in due course; and orders Ariel to bring in Caliban and the only two men out of the entire ship's company still not present; they are brought in; Prospero, pointing to the three—Stephano in his royal robes, Trinculo in his viceregal ones, Caliban under a load of other fine clothes—accuses them, in court as it were, before the king and the company, of theft actual, and of murder intended; with this he contemptuously dismisses further thoughts about them, and orders Caliban to trim up his cell for the reception of the distinguished guests; turning to them he invites them to rest in it to-night, and hear the long story he has to tell them; to-morrow he will see them on board for Naples, and there join them (with Miranda) as fellow-voyagers. The wedding, on their arrival there, is to be celebrated by due Christian rites; after which he will retire to Milan, there to prepare for the next world. Last he turns to Ariel, tells him he is free, and bids him farewell.

The Epilogue

It is all Shakespeare's own genuine work, in a light vein, as befits the happy ending of a comedy. It shows Prospero, the man, in ordinary "civilian dress", standing before the curtain and asking the audience for their approval of the performance, which, as leading actor, he asks for, self and company in the cast. His manner of



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asking for this applause is by making a humorous comparison of himself, standing rooted, as it were, to the boards, with many people whom we have seen in the play, standing spell-bound, within pine trees, inside linden groves, with uplifted paralysed arms holding motionless swords, within charmed circles. There he professed an imaginary project to right an imaginary wrong; here he confesses to a real project to please an audience. As he liberated those standing spell-bound in the play, with *his* power as a magician, let the audience now liberate him, standing root-bound to the stage-boards, with *their* power as magicians; for their applause of him with hands and voices is their magic; and as he forgave people their faults in the play, let the audience forgive him and his fellow actors their faults in the performance. The audience applaud loudly, and the liberated actor, gratified, retires by the side wing. This is the charm and the liberation it effects, in this Epilogue; and with these five minutes of ten or twenty lines of Epilogue, does the great Magician, Shakespeare, dissolve the illusion of those fifty pages and four hours of the Play.

V

Enchantment

A wrong done by human agency leaves its victim helpless to right it by human agency; but leaves him able to do so by super-human agency, if that can be secured: and it can be secured by Magic. Hence is Prospero made to be a magician. Magic has more than human power, but it also has less. Prospero's magic can command Matter in all its forms of the four elements, and can enlist their tremendous powers in its service; but it cannot control that other power in Nature—Mind, with its thoughts, passions, and emotions, Magician Prospero can make Ariel raise a storm, but cannot prevent Ariel from being discontented; he can make Caliban drudge but cannot prevent him from hating him; he can throw Miranda into a charmed sleep, but cannot make her love; he can drive mad the three wicked men, but cannot make them, when restored to sanity, repent and reform. Thus does Prospero's magic



work—limited in one way, and, for all that we know, limitless in another. He says it was Providence that brought his rotten hulk to the island; we may take his word for it, and believe that his active career as a magician began only when Providence landed him there, and not before. There, his first act as Magician was one of benevolence—it undid the malevolent act of a Witch, and so secured for him the services of a grateful spirit of the air, as an agent necessary for the exercise of his art—Magic—which is at the outset thus distinguished from another art—Witchcraft—as its enemy and counter-power. During the twelve years between the liberation of Ariel and his last and supreme service, Prospero has been occupied partly in human, and partly in magic activities: he housed himself in a cave, furnished it with the "stuff" Gonzalo had provided, and attended to the work of daily needs for himself and the helpless Miranda, on the one hand; and on the other, he sent Ariel to the Bermoothes to fetch dew as an article of the *materici magica* needed for a magician's pharmacopoeia (or should we say *magicopoeia*?); he entered upon his long and laborious magico-astrological calculations to find out the date of the royal voyage to Tunis; and its correspondence, a happy one, with that of the ascendant of his star towards its zenith, is an auspicious conjunction that gives Prospero an opportunity that he must seize now or never. He seizes it, conceives the grand "project" of which we hear so much, lays his plans, works Ariel nearly out of patience in carrying it out; and in four hours' time he carries that out which he had patiently worked for during twelve years. Even so do our astronomers watch and calculate patiently long beforehand for a celestial event of rare occurrence (such as an eclipse of the Sun or a transit of Venus) and when at last it comes, work feverishly for the brief hour or two of its actual duration. When not so employing his time during those twelve years as a magician, Prospero, as a man, a father and a master devoted it to the care of his daughter, when in helpless childhood, and to her education, as she grew up into girlhood, and to the education of his one human servant, a savage native of the island; he had to use the lower powers of his magic art to punish the vicious refractoriness of his human-devil servant, and to curb the impatience of his fairy-spirit servant, for carrying out the all-important work



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of his own and his daughter's deliverance out of the island. Prospero has been blamed by critics for "harshness", "injustice", "tyranny" in his ways towards these, his two servants. His vindication comes from the mouth of one of them himself. What critic, if ever he stood in Prospero's shoes in that island, would not have resorted to similar methods of discipline, if upon it depended his deliverance from the enchanted island, and his return to congenial critical work in congenial unenchanted quarters? The tremendous nature of the magical doings of those three or four hours is on record in this play, and has been well or ill explained by critical work on it. When it is all over, Prospero the Magician ceases to exist, and the play ends. In its course, under him, as magician, had worked agents drawn from four classes of fairies:—Ariel himself, a fairy of the air (a *sylph*) by birth, also works (they seem to have the power to do so) as a fairy of the fire (a *salamander*), when he flashes on the mast-heads; fairies of the waters (*nymphs*) under the magic wand, lash up the sea into storm; those of the underworld (*gnomes*) are represented by Caliban alone, who is fit (like Puck or hobgoblin or dwarf) only for household drudgery. The "source" of all this glorious magic work and magic agency is to be found in the prosaic record of voyages in Hakluyt's and Purchas's collections; there we find that the "source" of Ariel and Caliban and Sycorax are the birds, the pigs and the devils that alone formed the population of the Bermudas; that the "source" of the Enchanted Island of the play is the Devil's Islands, as navigators called these islands; that Ariel as a fire-ball during the storm, is the St. Elmo's fire seen during storms in the Caribbean, that the monsters described in the play by Gonzalo are the indigenous inhabitants of the Orinoco basin exactly resembling these monsters, and indeed surpassing them in monstrosity, as they are described by navigators and above all by Raleigh himself; that the inhabitants of Meta Incognita of New Spain and the Caribbean Islands are devils and great enchanter and witches; that they invoke and worship the sun and the moon as their gods; that sailors had seen a creature about the Bahamas that had three heads and four feet—the evident "source" of Trinculo and Caliban under the gaberdine.



VI

The Characters

Prospero

I am sure the name is an atrocious pun on the Latin *prosper* or *prosperus*, the fortunate one, one full of hopes, with a grim irony upon his apparently hopeless, desperate situation; a Euphuist would delight to call him, "the fortunate unfortunate," "the hopeful hopeless one"; and the man fits the name. For twelve long years his star had been on the descendant, even to its nadir, and now it is in the ascendant, and will reach the zenith in four hours.

Critics of Prospero's character have fancied resemblances between him and Shakespeare, in this that his renouncing the magic art is like the other's renouncing of his dramatic art, (for *The Tempest* is one of the latest of his plays); or between him and King James, in this that both were men of books, the former working magic with their help, the latter writing on magic. It is enough to mention these fancies. Let us trace his character as its creator drew it, from the play itself.

A man of study, a lover of the liberal arts, Prospero, duke of Milan, had no taste for the work of government, and delegated it and the powers that its execution needed, in trust to another; this trust was abused, and he was thrust out of the duchy into an exile that seemed to ensure his death. Providence frustrated this design, made Prospero lose a duchy in Italy, and gain an empire over the four elements all over Earth. This gain was the first-fruits of his studies, which in those days (sometime in the Middle Ages) included the study of the beneficent art (as it was thought to be) of magic, hence called White Magic, to distinguish it from the practice of the malevolent art of Witchcraft or the Black Art.

Driven from the old world of Civilization, where Wickedness held sway, he found refuge in a new world of Savagery, and found wickedness holding sway there also; the same in essence, but different in form. This wickedness of savage life he found personated in a boy of twelve. Freed from the curse of an artificial civilization that



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he left behind him when he quitted the shores of the Old World, he lived in his New World the blessed life of a Noble Savage, a Man of Goodness, himself; and by patient effort of years tried to reform this boy, Caliban, into goodness also, by supplanting the inborn evil, the ingrained wickedness, in him; he failed utterly in this attempt. During those same years, the formation of the mind of his own child, begun in her infancy, in the same mould of goodness, succeeded completely; the results were Caliban and Miranda as we meet them in the play.

In the education of these two pupils, Prospero worked as a man, a philanthropist towards the one, a loving father towards the other, a moral teacher towards both. Towards a third, during the same years, his activity was of a different kind: it was not moral, but wholly intellectual; and its object was to gain and retain mastery, as a magician, over a spirit, Ariel. In other words, as a man of science, he acquired mastery over the forces of nature, mind mastered matter; as in our days a scientist draws power out of water, steam, gas, electricity, controls the movements of atoms and of the waves of ether.

These activities, the one as a man, the other as a magician, occupied him during these years of exile, and prepared him to meet the good fortune that now comes to him. Providence sends his enemies to his island, and within his power; the mastery he had gained over Ariel enables him to use it; in this use Prospero is the master, and his the directing head, Ariel the servant's, the obedient hand; and it is not true, as some critics say, that Ariel's power is greater than Prospero's.

What this co-operation effects is the chain of events that make up the action of the play. To his daughter he explains why he began it—namely, the story of the wrong he had suffered; his vivid recollection of its harrowing details, his strong emotion in narrating them, his repeated cries to her not to be inattentive, when she is attending with all her soul, are indications of the bursting forth of what had long found no outlet; those who see "garrulity" in Prospero here, forget that all this was pent up in his breast, before the time came when he could breathe them into sympathetic ears; Miranda the daughter's are the only ones that are such; Ariel the servant's



are not, for he is all intellect; and there was no living being else, whose could be.

Towards Caliban, immediately after his breast is thus relieved, his manner changes into harshness; it is harshness well deserved, springing from disappointment at the failure of years of patient effort; it cannot therefore be called "tyranny," or "domineering," but is a good man's hatred of evil, and a good man is a good hater.

We next see Prospero as the scheming papa, (poor Miranda has no mamma to scheme for her) laying a plan, never laid before or after, by a parent to secure an "eligible match" for a dear daughter. The prudent papa knows already the young man's rent-rolls, bank accounts, prospects; the one thing remaining, is to fix his inclinations; this is done with an audacity undreamt of before or after; it is a plan to make a logbearer of a prospective son-in-law! Well satisfied is Prospero to see the mutual inclination of the young people, most prudent in the injunction he lays on the young man, most prompt in fortifying it by a rite of betrothal, performed by the most appropriate celebrants his magic can secure from the elements it commands; for it could not, nor should it, command a Christian priest's presence in an enchanted island. As he manages it, the plan succeeds, and with less trouble than matches have been sought for, in imperial, royal or ducal houses in the middle ages.

To bring his enemies, ("now in his power", as he often boasts, and as often chastens his boast) to a state of mind that will lead them to repentance, restitution, reform, his successive steps are storm, shipwreck, mock banquet, leading up to Ariel's speech,—that is, Prospero's speech, taught by him to Ariel—reminding them of their crime, of the punishment they deserve, and, if only they repent, of the door of escape from that punishment, left open by mercy. It matters little if the raging madness they fall into at this speech is the work of their own guilty consciences, or of Prospero's magic; whichever is the cause, Prospero has both will and power to cure them of it. He does cure them: in a last speech, delivered as a magician in his magic robes, he himself reminds the guilty three of their crime against him, of the justice of what he had made them suffer for it, and, last, of his forgiveness of them. With this he casts off his magic robes, ceases to be a magician, becomes a mere man,



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Prospero, once duke of Milan. In this capacity, he, as a skilful diplomatist, gets the king to give his consent to his son's marriage, without ever asking him to do so (as Cassius in *Julius Caesar* gets Casca to join the conspiracy, without ever asking him to join it).

Next, he deals with another crime and other criminals, whom he charges with intended murder of himself and with actual robbery of his property, before the king of Naples, now again his suzerain lord. So contemptible are *these* three criminals that they are let off with a warning.

Lastly, he does not forget the rest of the ship's company; and before he retires with his guests (the notabilities among them) for the night, during which he will tell them the long story of his life, since the night when he was deported from Milan, he shows us the *whole* of the ship's company, not a single life lost, not a hair of them touched, not a dress soiled; and tells us of the ship, not a rope snapped, not a plank sprung, not a nail loose, ready to take them all back to Naples. White Magic indeed!

Thence, after seeing his daughter's wedding celebrated by Christian rites on Christian soil, he will retire to Milan, where his "every third thought will be of the grave"; from which we may infer, every other two thoughts will be, one for his dukedom, the other for his books, and with all three, thoughts of Miranda ever mingling, Miranda, now a queen and his lady liege and suzerain (it is to be hoped that Alonzo would have the grace to abdicate in favour of Ferdinand). The books he would read, would be books on Philosophy; the state he would rule would be the Best State ruled by the Best Man—the Philosopher—fitted to be ruler by the study of that philosophy, and his thoughts of the Next Life would be such as he might prepare for and hope for after such a life on earth. The rotten, old civilization of the Old World had cast him and his out: for twelve years had he built up and lived the life of a new and sound civilization, in the New World of his own discovery, as the truly Noble Savage Man; thus realizing in himself the ideal of the "Noble Savage" dreamt of by those who, like Montaigne, had to live in the midst of, were sick of and hated, the Ignoble Civilization of the Old World. After himself, he had trained up his daughter,



yet untouched by this ignoble taint, to be the daughter of Nature, to be the loveable Noble Savage Woman.

Miranda

If we love her, we must have searched the play to know all we can about her, and we must have succeeded in knowing much. We know her for twelve years, and the first time when, three years old, she is put at dead of night, crying, on board the ship that is to carry her and her father out to sea, to be there dumped on board a rotten hulk, that was meant to, and was sure to go down with her and her father, to the bottom. On board that hulk we see her (we, readers, are as expert as Ariel in seeing and hearing everything), a cherub, smiling in her father's desponding face, a cherub sent from heaven expressly to do so, and looking very much like one, warmly wrapped up as she was, with nothing but her face visible; just as cherubs look in paintings, nothing but an infant's head, with a pair of wings at the neck. Housed and cradled and nursed, she must have been by her father alone, (with Ariel to fetch milk from anywhere—from the Bermoothes, if he had to go so far—he *did* go all that way to fetch dew); taught nursery tales by him, which she in all innocence imparted in childish prattle to the boy Caliban; taught in higher matters of knowledge and conduct by him later, as she grew up, but taught nothing by him of the conventions of that artificial society that they had shaken off when setting out on their exile from civilization.

Thus grew up Miranda, wholly a child of nature, through an education such as Adam may have given to Eve, if she had ever been in her girlhood in the Garden of Eden; and made to be such by the good old Adam, her father, both living in the new Paradise of the enchanted island. The first shock of the knowledge of evil came to her from the attempt upon her virtue, made by the new Devil, son of the old Satan, who tempted Eve; and her first experience of the loathsomeness of evil, and her first feeling of hatred for it;—in this, rising superior to old mother Eve, who yielded to temptation.



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She is, at the age we see her at the opening of the play (and this is the period of her life that most of her critics seem to know her for the first time), a pure, innocent girl, ripening into womanhood, with a strong, clear intellect, quick, tender emotions—love for her father, grief at the story of his wrongs, gratitude to the friend who helped him in their midst, and a longing to see him—but a stranger as yet to *one* emotion,—the love between man and woman.

Before she sees the man she is destined to love with this love, her father by design shows her the creature that she hates, to heighten the contrast that is to follow. When she meets Ferdinand, this love, such as the pure alone can feel, starts in a flash into life in her heart; the language from her lips that expresses it, is such as only a child of nature, untouched by convention, can dare to use. Her second meeting with him is the strangest courtship that ever was. She offers to carry the logs for him; she tells him her name, the moment he asks for it: asks him point-blank if he loves her; tells him she loves him; asks him to marry her; if he will not, she will never marry another but will continue to love him, whether he likes it or not! Is not all this more than enough to shock convention? "*Where* is her modesty, *where* is her maidenly reserve, *where* is her sense of common decency?" would Mrs. Grundy have asked. Well, they are all *there*; they are in her untainted nature that knows no pretence; they are more in her than they are elsewhere, in those daughters of civilized convention, who are taught that pretence in woman is a virtue. The climax comes when she says, "I'll be your servant, whether you will or no." These are words that express the boldest sentiment that Shakespeare has waited to put last into the lips of his ideal child of nature, and that will make convention and Mrs. Grundy, shocked before, stand aghast now. Miranda offers to live in the presence of the man she loves, as his servant, if she cannot live with him as his wife; she has no notion of a royal palace, of a royal household, of court life, of court scandal; she only knows that she had been the servant of a man she loved, and was loved by, as a father; and she is ready to be the servant of the man she now loves, but cannot be loved by, as a husband, Miranda had kept house for Prospero, as his housekeeper, in his cell on the island; she is ready to keep house for Ferdinand, as his housekeeper,



in *his cell* at Naples! They are both men whom she loves; and for both she is ready to do all that she and love can do; and *sees nothing wrong* in doing it. Could the boldness, the fearless directness, of a pure, unsophisticated love go further? Could the society of convention, with its hundred tongues, give anything else than *another name* to this relation between master and servant?

Next, she is present, when her father, giving her to her lover, enjoins him to chastity, and celebrates their betrothal; but throughout, she never speaks, except at the end of the celebration, when she and her betrothed together "wish him peace," and leave him alone, at his desire. The last time we see her, it is in an intellectual contest with Ferdinand over the most intellectual of games, chess; and she has the better of the contest. With all his varied education at court in the very heart of civilization, this young man is not the equal, in brains, of this young woman, brought up in a seclusion from the world greater than that of life in a nunnery. We can fancy her as the future queen of Naples, raising the tone of life in that corrupt court, and still deriving inspiration from the wisdom and goodness of her old father at Milan. For this work of regenerating woman's life in the Old World from the artificiality of its unloveable conventions, she was well fitted as the true child of nature, as the loveable Noble Savage Woman that her father's education of her had trained her to be.

Thus in Prospero and Miranda do we find the realization of the ideal of the Noble Savage in the white man of the Old World, who has cast off the rotten slough of its corrupt civilization, and has put on the new vesture of a purer civilization, that his better nature can weave for him. When other white men follow his lead in growing numbers, there will be discovered in old Europe itself a New Moral World; and the New World of Geography, with its once morally irreclaimable Ignoble Savage of a Caliban, will, under the wholesome influence of these noble whites, one day also produce more of the Noble Savage among the blacks, and less of the demoralized Calibans, that once the ignoble whites of a Stephano and a Trinculo there produced. This was Shakespeare's Dream; and it was better realizable than Montaigne's. Let us not mistake: this Savage Life, this Life in the Woods, this Life more after Nature



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and less after Art, is a Rational Life. Could not this young queen, having made her first convert in her husband, have converted the better part of her subjects to this new and rational social life, reclaiming them from the old corrupt life of High Living and Low Thoughts? Are not our queens and kings, and the better part of their subjects advancing much in its practice, and coming nearer to its ideal of Plain Living and High Thinking?

Ariel

The enchanted island that Prospero, the magician navigator, discovered, was (what the Bermudas, discovered by Somers were supposed to be, before he discovered them, inhabited by fairies and devils; which his discovery found to be tempest-haunted islands, inhabited by birds and swine), when he landed on it, inhabited by fairies and *one* devil only. The chief of these fairies was Ariel, who had been confined inside a pine-trunk for twelve years (at what age we are not told) by a witch; and whom Prospero, on hearing his ceaseless cries, liberated from his confinement, through the first exercise that we know of, of his power of magic. As a return for this service, Prospero required Ariel to serve him as the agent of his magic, till such time as he chose to liberate him; this service was to consist in performing tasks that fairies alone can perform, if serving under the direction of a master-magician, but cannot perform of themselves, without such a director.

Prospero's prescience had foreseen the one supreme service that Ariel might render him, if the chance of his own and his daughter's deliverance from the island occurred; he had therefore, besides employing him in services of less importance, trained him to render this supreme service, when the hour came. That hour has now come; and with power, not his own but that which his master endows him with, he produces those tremendous convulsions in and with the forces of nature's four great elements, that we see in the play. Without that power, Ariel and his kind can only go through those pretty little actions that make up a fairy's daily and nightly life, and that he describes with childish delight, when the moment of liberation from service approaches. This is the life that suits his



fairy nature best, the other is a life that did not suit his liking at all; hence his impatience to be freed from it. Prospero knew this very well; hence, too, his repeated assurances to his servant of the speedy liberation he repeatedly asks for.

Paracelsus somehow knew that fairies were of four classes. To which class did Ariel belong? His own song tells us that he is a *sylph*, a fairy of the air; Prospero, in his farewell to his army of fairies, tells us that he (Ariel) was its commander, and that the army itself consisted of fairies of this, and also of other classes—those of the air, of fire, of the water (those of the earth being apparently ineligible to it). With these troops of his, has Ariel convulsed all the four elements—of the lifeless *matter* of which, these four classes of fairies are the living *spirits*, mortal but soulless, and, because soulless, without a moral nature. Such is Ariel's nature; impatient to enjoy all that is enjoyable, and as long as it is enjoyable, in his only life—life on earth, or rather, in the air; full of intelligence; devoid of love.

The want of this eminently human emotion interposes an impassable gulf between sylphs and mortals, between Ariel and Miranda, that Shakespeare never meant should be bridged over. Never in the play does he allow Miranda to *see* Ariel, neither does he allow Prospero to allow her to *see* him; lest (as other and less skilled fairy-dramatists, and less prudent fathers have done, and allowed human daughters to fall in love with fairy lovers) by allowing it, her love—her first love—might unhappily be fixed upon a being incapable of loving in return, and end in disaster, as such misalliances in marriage have often done in romance. During those twelve years Ariel, always invisible to Miranda, had done many services for her, as an infant, as a child, as a girl growing into womanhood. Thus was Miranda's emotion of love reserved intact for the first of her own human kind that she was to see, to love, and be loved by in return.

Ariel, devoid of love, has several of the other human emotions and passions: he is impatient always, he grumbles often, he is grateful to effusiveness, he likes playing practical jokes, and plays two very mischievous ones, he feels pity for the sufferings of the spell-bound mortals. He is devoid of another eminently human



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attribute—he is devoid of *moral sense*—the sense of right and wrong; therefore it is that Prospero never thinks of seeking relief for his oppressed heart by seeking for sympathy from Ariel, by pouring into his ears the story of his grievous wrongs, though he employs him as the chief agent in righting them.

What is Ariel's place, if any, in the New World? Before their discovery the Bermudas were inhabited by "fairies and devils"; on their discovery, Somers found that these were only "birds and swine." If Caliban is a devil and a pig (which he certainly is), why may not Ariel be the fairy and the bird? And if the devil-pig is further reduced to reason as being an irreclaimably ignoble savage, why should not Ariel be, with as good reason, the *reclaimable natural savage*? Everything about him points to this; but nothing as yet points to his having reached the station of the "noble savage." If without going further, we put Ariel to these two tests—the purity of human love between man and woman and the inflexibility of man's moral sense of the distinction of right from wrong—we find him failing in both. His nature is that of the *Natural Savage* living from day to day, hand to mouth, a life of primitive nature. With a little ingenuity, we can make him pass *this* test, out of his own mouth: he feeds on wild honey (and other forest products) as the bee sucks honey; he sleeps in a hammock, slung from a tree, as an insect may crawl up a shrub and into a flower-calyx in it; he sets up his hut under forest trees, and enjoys himself after his own fashion there, as a six-inch fairy might live merrily under the blossoms on a bough; he can pipe and sing and dance like any fairy of them all; after a few days of these joys, he strikes his hut and migrates to new quarters, after the vagabond habits of savages, as a bird might fly off from place to place or migrate altogether to a new climate; only, the savage has to shift ground on foot or in his canoe. In this way Ariel's song may be construed into the manner of life of the natives of the woody islands of the Caribbean Sea or of those of the Orinoco and Amazon forests, or later, of the coast dwellers of North America, in the tracts afterwards named Virginia and Carolina (the prairie Indians of the interior being yet unknown to the English navigators). This life in the woods, described in fairy versicles by Ariel, is the same as that described by Caliban in graphic prose; and these two beings



represent, in history, these two classes of the American savage: the Reclaimable and the Irreclaimable. The Spaniards there, indeed, had made this distinction, when they named them the "Tame" and the "Wild" Indians.

Caliban

In anthropology, Caliban is Man in a state of nature *debased*, a Cannibal or a Caribbean, of the islands of the Cannibal (Caribbean) Sea. An Ignoble Savage the actual experience of navigators revealed him to be, and the very opposite of the Noble Savage that the imagination of idealists had created, as the possible dwellers in some New World as yet undiscovered. Shakespeare drew this repulsive character out of the accounts given by navigators, not as true of *all* the dwellers in the New World discovered by them, nor as setting forth the whole of their nature, but as true of a part of them, and of worst side of their nature; and he did this as a satire upon those idealists who saw nothing but good, nothing short of perfection in unknown races of men.

In the enchanted island, Caliban is a native of it; son of a witch and of a (or the) devil, left motherless before he was twelve years old, and compelled at that tender age, to shift for himself to keep barely alive. Necessity sharpened his wits, and made him acquire all that knowledge of *woodcraft* that we see him display, and that is all that man in a state of nature needs; till Prospero landed on the island, found him to be its *only* inhabitant with a human shape, took him to himself, made much of him, found good intelligence latent in him, tried to bring out this intelligence, (in other words, tried to civilize the savage) and allowed his little daughter to prattle her nursery stories to him. But while Ariel by nature had *no* moral sense, was *unmoral*, Caliban, by nature and by parentage, had a *perverted* moral sense, was *immoral*; he repaid the little girl's companionship by an attempt on her virtue, and repaid his master's teaching, by always cursing him at heart, and whenever he met him, in words to his face; nursing hate where gratitude was due, and, finding an opportunity, robbing his property and conspiring against his life.



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This opportunity he gets through two other white men whom he meets and who treat him in a way very different from Prospero's; they give him his first taste of *fire-water*, while Prospero had kept him on temperance drinks; and what years of patient efforts to educate him had failed to effect, the taste of the bottle effects in an hour. Caliban calls the giver of fire-water to him his new master, his god; offers all service, all worship, after his abject notions of them, to him; boisterously proclaims his emancipation from "slavery" to his old master, and his gift of "freedom" from his new master; and proposes to him the robbery and murder of the "old mole." The attempt fails, and its failure is due to the drunken incapacity of the new god and master, in spite of the angry remonstrances of his servant and worshipper (savages *do* get angry with their gods sometimes). To the first extravagant admiration of the savage for *this* specimen of the civilized man quickly succeeds the savage's perception of the stupid depravity of the other, and of the superiority of his own coarse intelligence over his; his eyes thus opened, contempt for his late god follows, which he does not conceal from him at all.

After Prospero leaves the island, there is again left upon it the same *one* human being that he found there on his arrival; Caliban succeeds to the lordship of his inheritance from his mother, which he had loudly demanded back from Prospero as its usurper—"this island's mine," he taunted him with. How he used his recovered ownership, we do not know; but high fancies of Caliban's future have been framed, as we shall see presently.

Ariel belongs largely to the world of imagination, Caliban a little to it, and both belong to history also. Caliban's life and character are a type of those of other American savages, seen from their worst side. The pages of Hakluyt show that the type is not an exaggeration; his pages and those of Las Casas, and of others, Englishmen and Spaniards, show that for the formation of this type, are answerable two causes: the inherent depravity of man in a savage state, and the superadded depravity of the vices of the civilized "mean white"; and by making Caliban take to Stephano and Trinculo at first sight, Shakespeare shows that he means to spare neither the black nor the white man, but to paint both as they are, and show how like goes to like.



But Caliban—even he—has been idealized by two great writers. Renan exalted him, if that is exaltation, into the head of a Police State or a Red Republic; and the head of a religion of Positivism, that denies the existence of the Ideal in man's life. Browning exalted him into a child of nature, evolving out of his *untutored* mind, a Natural Theology all his own, and apparently rising above Paley's in the flights of his imagination; for what are poor little happy shrimps at the ebb-tide (it is a delusive happiness, we now know), by the side of the malicious happiness of Setebos, who is happy when he makes others, and himself, unhappy? Shakespeare's Caliban could never have developed into either of these two beings. His evolution would have been along the lines of the Human Beast: high intelligence, low morality, material prosperity, moral degradation—pockets full of money, champagne to drink, criminal courts to figure in. We have seen such evolutions brought about by social systems that ignore one half of human nature.

Alonzo, Antonio and the Four Nobles

Characters and actions, similar to those of these men are often to be met with in the history of the states into which Italy was broken up in the Middle Ages, and in Shakespeare's own times; in which wicked, intriguing men largely figure, but, happily, good and honest men are also found.

Alonzo

Alonzo's crimes were two: he helped Antonio to dispossess Prospero and usurp his dukedom; and he forced his own daughter into a marriage against her will, and against the entreaties of his court; his motive, in the first was mercenary certainly—namely, the payment of a tribute by Milan, as the condition of his helping the usurpation with an armed force, to meet a popular rising, if it was attempted; it was probably mercenary in the second, for the king of Tunis in history was a Moslem by faith, and wealthy through piracy, which was the royal profession of its beys. In the play these facts are kept veiled. His punishment is also twofold: he has to



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suffer the pangs of grief for the death (as he believes) of a son and heir, in retribution for having sacrificed the happiness of a daughter; and he has to restore his dukedom to Prospero on the former *status* of homage without tribute.

Antonio

Antonio's crime was heinous; its implications were ingratitude, breach of trust, planning to compass the death of a trusting brother, and of an infant, his daughter, so as to make a clean sweep of that branch of the family; self-aggrandizement at the cost of degradation to the state he had grasped, and made tributary to an aider and abettor. Having tried his hand at usurpation for himself and succeeded, he tries it a second time to help another to usurpation; and usurpation at the cost of the life of the very man who had helped him to usurp for himself. His punishment is the loss of this ill-gotten gain; his brother's asperity, even in the language with which he forgives him, shows that he cannot forget even when he forgives. To this forgiveness there is no response from this double-dyed villain; no word of repentance for the two black-hearted crimes he had planned. As Prospero's deputy he could not have been popular; when he planned his dispossession he dared not kill him to effect it; he feared a popular rising, and procured the help of a foreign armed force to suppress it, if it took place. On Prospero's return the whole story of his brother's crime would be fully known to the Milanese, and this villain's future life would be one of execration from his brother's subjects.

Sebastian

Both Sebastian and Antonio are wicked by nature, but Antonio's is full of life and activity, Sebastian's is sluggish, and needs pushing from another. This is done effectually by the precept and example of Antonio, which Sebastian gratefully acknowledges, when he tells his "dear friend" that his case is a "precedent" to his. When

Prospero tells him that he will not tell his brother the king what he knows (it amounts to forgiveness), neither from this slothful villain is there any response that shows repentance. Both return to Italy with the will, but without the power for further mischief; the one too hopeless, the other too lazy, to think of usurpation again. The ingrained habit of looking at the low side, the dark side, the ridiculous side, the money aspect, of all things, is common to both men, and remains unimpaired to the last. The two creatures are Calibans of civilization, when civilization, perverted, becomes a Sycorax; which Calibans, civilization true and unperturbed cannot change for the better; but who will die as they have lived, in the same nature they inherited from *their* mother at birth, civilization turned Sycorax. Historically the active and the sluggish temperaments of the two men are true of the northern and the southern Italian, the Piedmontese and the Neapolitan.

Gonzalo

Contrasted to these two rascals, stands Gonzalo, the good old man and honest counsellor; ever seeing a bright side in things, when they look black to every one else; trying to hope, and make others hope, when hope seems dead; painting the picture of a perfect state, a happy people and a golden age, when cast upon a desolate island, where death by drowning, from which they have just escaped, stares them again in the face, in the shape of death by starvation on land; dazed by the doings of Ariel, unable to believe his own eyes when he again sees his old friend Prospero, and his ears, when he is repeatedly addressed by him; recovering his senses though they are only dazed, later than those, though driven raging mad, had recovered theirs; bestowing his blessing on the marriage of her whom he had last seen, an infant, going to almost certain death,—helpless to prevent it, but doing his best to help his chief secretly when going into exile, and perhaps to death. What became of Gonzalo, when he returned to Milan with his dear friend restored to his dukedom? Surely, he became his councillor in chief—Gonzalo, the Good, helping Prospero, the Wise, to rule a model state and a happy people.



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Adrian and Francisco

They are both young men, both by nature inclined to goodness, and with the promise of its growing in strength with growing years. Adrian is a Gonzalo in embryo, bookish like him and Prospero (though he is easily caught by the former tripping in his history), but as yet wanting in that experience of the world that age will bring; both take no part in the gibes uttered by those two pessimists against the good old optimist. Francisco stands fainter and more in the background, but is able to offer the assurance of an eye-witness to the king, of his son's likely escape from death.

Stephano and Trinculo

These two rogues are not to be taken seriously. They are the victims of *two* magics: Ariel's and that of the Bottle; the latter makes one of them for a brief while, to be a god in the eyes of Caliban, a king in his own. Both are led by him into a conspiracy of murder; for which they themselves have no heart; and from which they are easily diverted, by Ariel's magic, into a drunken dance, for which they have much more liking than for murder, and then led to a horse-pond, and a ducking in it, and then led to commit a bit of ignoble thieving on the spot where their instigator meant them to commit a heroic murder. They are caught in the very act, convicted, and dismissed with contempt, as not worth a serious penalty and as only ridiculous travesties of the other two conspirators, who meant real mischief to whose gloomy natures the butler's pranks, as Dr. Stephano, the Rev. Mr. Stephano, General Stephano, King Stephano, present a further contrast. In history, they are types of the "mean white," who taught the savage man the meanest vices of civilization, especially the wide-spread one of drunkenness, on his fire-water, more potent than any native liquor the savage could brew. They contrast with Prospero and Gonzalo, the types of the noble white man; the one an active, persevering teacher of the savage in what is best in civilization, the other a dreamer of what a savage might be raised to, in virtue and



happiness *above* a height that civilization has yet succeeded in raising mankind. The teachers of "civilized" vices succeeded well and rapidly with the savage as their pupil, the teachers of virtue both in practice and in theory failed miserably with him. This is the moral of what Shakespeare had read in history and illustrates in his play.

VII

Criticism

In this *Introduction* the word "Source" has been used, because others have previously used it; but from it and from the *Notes*, it will be clear, I hope, that it does not detract from another word, "Originality," which it seems sometimes to do, from the undeserved dignity to which the first word seems by some of those others to be raised. In this play, as in all others of his, it is Shakespeare's originality that builds the edifice, and his "sources" are merely the scaffolding that he sets up, the raw material that he puts into shape. If *The Fair Sidea* is a source, so are Hakluyt's *Voyages* a source; and in a much higher degree; and neither can detract anything from the originality of the *design* of the architect. The former supplies resemblances in incidents alone; none, in what is greater than incident in a drama—none, in characters; the latter supply the crude materials of facts from which both incidents and characters in the play are drawn, and, by Shakespeare's constructive genius, transformed into what we see in his play—loose bricks and stones, made by the power of his magic lyre, to dance into their places, to build up the fairy-house of *The Tempest*. A little bit of very tame magic is all that the one "source" is capable of contributing; the whole of the great question of the Artificial against the Artless, of the Life of Convention, called Civilization, *versus* the Life after Nature, called Savagery, that the discovery of the New World had raised, is what the other "source" contributes. The whole of this play is the embodiment of the serious discussion of this question, in the only way appropriate to a work of dramatic Art—under the transparent drapery of its flashing magic.



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I have given many scansion in the *Notes*; all, I think, being cases where mine differ from those given by others, or where others conflict with one another. The general reason for this difference is that the scansion I give brings out the thought best; and if I first make sure that I have understood the thought, I do not care how irregular I make metre and rhythm, to bring out the thought. In such cases adherence to regularity of form makes nonsense of matter and thought.

I have added nothing to the marginal Stage Directions already given in the old and standard editions. I like to think that Shakespeare was very sparing in this matter, trusting to his own text to give its own stage directions, and respecting and trusting to the imagination of his readers to find them out themselves. I think many a reader of Shakespeare feels insulted, when new editors, after a fashion now become rampant, give most frequent and most minute stage directions, to help their poor, helpless readers. For the most part, these offered helps are obvious, "stagey" and not needed: they are sometimes wrong, but that is not the point here. Where Shakespeare's text *really* needs the help of a stage direction, it is "conspicuous by its absence." For examples, take the *thievery* and the *drinking texts* of Stephano and Trinculo, and see the *Notes* on them; and Miranda's hypnotic state, when Ferdinand first stands before her.

Conclusion

I have called Prospero and Miranda the Noble Savage Man and Woman, while they were yet surrounded by magic in this play. With its epilogue this magic vanishes, but not the propriety of those names to their characters. When they lived in that Island of Nowhere they lived the simple life of Plain Living in its extremest form, for the body; but joined to a rich life of Noble Thinking and Feeling and Actions, for the mind. They are now about to return to the luxurious, corrupt, ignoble civilization of that Italy that had cast them out. But they return to it, armed with all the power that the noble life

they had themselves lived in adversity, had put into their hands, that they might work a revolution in that corrupt life of a perverted, travestied civilization. That power was the power of moral force that is stronger than the force of arms, and that works more slowly but more surely. He, a duke, whose own hands had built and furnished a home in a *cave*; he, whose daughter, a princess, had been his housekeeper and *cook*, as early in life as she could, after he had ceased to be her nurse; he who had but two servants to attend to his and her bodily needs—he now returns to be a duke again, and she returns with him to be a queen, both to be surrounded with all the outward splendour of a palace and a court—but a splendour that is now to be purged of all its former inward corruption. That corruption in which the evil passions of man's nature had flourished had been unfit for them to live in; their exile from it had the *happy* result of giving their pure natures a fitting place to live and learn and practise a pure life in; their return now to power, where they had before been powerless, will enable them to teach Italy to learn and practise what exile had taught them. Exile had taught them a true civilisation while being a savage life; this truth they learnt to consist in the subjection of man's natural passions to man's natural reason. He had seen, but she had not, the rebellion of passions against reason in the minds of the grown up sons of false artificial civilization in Milan and Naples; both had seen the same rebellion in a child of nature and savagery, Caliban of the Island; and Antonio and Sebastian prove to be but the elder half-brothers of young Caliban—this the son of a savage Sycorax, those the sons of her sister, a Sycorax of false civilization. In all three the Beast in man's nature triumphs over the Spirit in it. It is the mission of Prospero and Miranda to establish the rule of Spirit over Beast, of reason over passions. We who live, shall we say, after five centuries of progress since the days of these two, talk and write of this same rule in different words. We use the words, "the rule of *moral* over *material* civilization". Do we see that the thing that these words mean has been established in this the twentieth century? Has *Science*, the great instrument of these five centuries of human progress, placed more powerful weapons in the hands of reason with which to control passion, or has it placed such weapons in the hands of passion to subvert reason?

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The Reader's attention is drawn to the following in the Notes:

- I. i. 64, 65; ii. *S.D.*; ii. 3-5; ii. 100-103; ii. 149-151; ii. 252-256;
ii. 334.
II. i. 142; i. 241, 242; ii. 25; ii. 93; ii. 168-173.
III. i. 15; i. 19; ii. 192; ii. 88-98; ii. 107-110; ii. 136-144;
iii. 43-49; iii. 99; iii. 104-109.
IV. i. 3; i. 60-70; i. 84; i. 98-101; i. 156-158; i. 235-239.
V. 33-40; i. 92; i. 170; i. 172-175; i. 181-183; i. 266.
Epilogue 1-20.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, King of Naples
 SEBASTIAN, his brother
 PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
 ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
 FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples
 GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor
 ADRIAN, }
 FRANCISCO, } Lords
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave
 TRINCULO, a Jester
 STEPHANO, a drunken Butler
 Master of a Ship
 Boatswain
 Mariners
 MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit
 IRIS, }
 CERES, |
 JUNO, } presented by Spirits
 NYMPHS, |
 REAPERS, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SCENE: *A Ship at Sea; an Enchanted Island*

THE TEMPEST

ACT I

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea ; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men. 10

Boats. I pray now, keep below. ~



Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not. 18

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [Exit. 27

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to; try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.— 37

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?



Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! 41

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you insolent noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Re-enter Mariners, wet

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt. 51

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold? 51

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, 57 And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within; 'Mercy on us!'—

'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let's all sink wi' the king. 61

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exeunt *Ant.* and *Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Island. Before PROSPERO's cell.**Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA*

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[Lays down his mantle.]



Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair

30

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir.

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding ' Stay: not yet.'

Pros.

The hour's now come ;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;

Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell ?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

40

Out three years old.

Mir.

Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros.

By what ? by any other house or person ?

Of any thing the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir.

'Tis far off ;

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me ?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time ?

50

If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,

How thou cam'st here thou may'st.



Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issued.

Mir. O, the heavens! 59
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t'advance, and who 80



To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable ; confederates— 111
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples



To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O, the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event ; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy 121
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness, 130
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. Hear a little farther,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's ; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us ?



Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me ; nor set 141
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.



Mir.

Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pros.

Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170

Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,—

For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason

For raising this sea-storm ?

Pros.

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience 180

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose

[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I'm ready now.

Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure ; be 't to fly, 190

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros.

Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?



Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and boresprit, would I flame distinctly, 200
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle. 220
The king's son have I landed by himself ;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs



In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ; 230
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples ;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd : but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
and now 240
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me
pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now ? moody ?
What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out ? no more !

Ari. I prithee.
Remember I have done thee worthy service ;



Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread
the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop ? has thou forgot her ?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born ? 260
speak ; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so ? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd with Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate 272
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years ; within which space she died, 279
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckl'd whelp hag-born not honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo : it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master :
 I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so ; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !
 What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ? 300

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea :
 be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine ; invisible

To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go hence with diligence!
[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. [Waking] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business
for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!



Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. 330

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me ; wouldst
give me

Water with berries in 't ; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile :
Cursed be I that did so !—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you ! 340
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! would 't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else 350
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,



Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock, 361
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370
The beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave! hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following

ARIEL'S song

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—

Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear. 380

Hark, hark!

[*Burthen:* Bow-wow, *dispersedly.*
The watch dogs bark:

[*Burthen:* Bow-wow, *dispersedly.*

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer.

[*Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air
or th' earth?

It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion 390
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it ;—
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: 400

[*Burthen:* Ding-dong

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such
senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest 410
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island; 420
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No 'wonder,' sir;
But certainly a 'maid'.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;



And that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld 432
The king my father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first 442
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I
charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp 450
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

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Pros. Follow me.
 Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ;
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
 Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
 'The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No ;
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power. 462

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.]

Mir. O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What ! I say,
 My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor ;
 Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
 conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick
 And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father. 470

Pros. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;
 I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence ! one word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
 An advocate for an impostor ! hush !
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !
 To the most of men this is a Caliban,
 And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
 Are, then, most humble ; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.



Pros. Come on ; obey: 480
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough 489
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [Aside] It works. [To *Fer.*] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To *Fer.*] Follow me.
[To *Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do 496
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.]



ACT II

SCENE I. *Another part of the island*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe ; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One : tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have spoken
truer than you purposed. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet,—



Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock. 30

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match !

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't. 40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live. 50

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are. 60

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return. 72

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that 'widow' in? 'widow Dido'!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis. 81

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple. 90

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Seb. Aye?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, 'widow Dido.'

Ant. O, 'widow Dido'! ay, 'widow Dido.' 100

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That 'sort' was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, Whe is so far from Italy remov'd.

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir 110
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt 120
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.



Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd

otherwise

By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost
your son, 130

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, 140
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather ?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do ?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession, 150
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;



No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too, but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty :—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, 160
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing
to me. 170

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh
at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing
still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long. 180

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in
it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

Seb. We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, 192

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not 200
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent ;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—No more:—

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee ; and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.





Seb. What, art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st 210

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly ;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom : you

Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water. 220

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on :

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir : 230

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
 As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb.

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant.

O, out of that 'no hope'

What great hope have you! 'no hope' that way is
 Another way so high a hope that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

240

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb.

He's gone.

Ant.

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb.

Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
 The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
 Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again
 And by that destiny, to perform an act
 Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
 In yours and my discharge.

249

Seb.

What stuff is this! how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
 So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
 There is some space.

Ant.

A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
 Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
 And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
 That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse



Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate 262
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True : 270
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : my brother's servants
Were then my fellows : now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,—

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon, 280
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan, 290



I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter ARIEL invisible

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy 300

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now! ho, awake!—Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing 310
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.



Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, 320
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make farther
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*]

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island*

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood

A noise of thunder heard

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which 10
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.



Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;
Perchance he will not mind me.

17

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver ; there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man ; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past

41

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore:—



This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

[Sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang, 50
Would cry to a sailor, ' Go hang ! '
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch ;
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang !

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha?
I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of
your four legs ; for it hath been said, 'As proper a
man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give
ground ; ' and it shall be said so again, while Stephano
breathes at nostrils. 62

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the
devil should he learn our language? I will give him
some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover
him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him,
he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on
neat's-leather. 70

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee ; I'll bring my woo
home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the
wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never



drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon. I know it by thy trembling ; now Prosper works upon thee. 81

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat : open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*Gives Caliban drink*] : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice : it should be—but he is drowned ; and these devils :—O, defend me !

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster ! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come ! Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth. 94

Trin. Stephano !

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy, mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster ! I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano ! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo. 101

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth : I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed ! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? can he vent Trinculos ?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope,



now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped! 112

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 123

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject ; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here ; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. 130

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush. 140

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swears.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject. 153

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! 163
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee 171
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; 181

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban

Has a new master:—get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom,
high-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is



Ten times more gentle than her father's crabb'd,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget ;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a
distance, unseen*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself ; 20
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it, 30
And yours it is against,

Pros. [Aside] Poor worm, thou art infected:
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda,—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.



Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ; 60
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [Aside] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling!
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest:

And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom ; here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now
farewell
Till half an hour hence.

90

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

Pros. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO

Ste. Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we will
drink water ; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three
of them ; if th' other two be brained like us, the state
totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 11

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues
off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.



Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither. 20

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in
case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish,
thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk
so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous
lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my
lord ? 31

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he ! That a monster should be
such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death. I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if
you prove a mutineer,—the next tree ! The poor monster's
my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to
hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it : I will stand,
and so shall Trinculo. 41

Enter ARIEL invisible

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of
the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou :
I would my valiant master would destroy thee !
I do not lie.



Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing. 51

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party? 60

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest ; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee. 72

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers! 82



Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log 90
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself 100
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo? 110

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry ; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere? 119

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em ;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:
if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins! 131

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears: and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, 140
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.



Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away ; let's follow it,
and after do our work. 151

Ste. Lead monster: we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Another part of the Island*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir:
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

Ant. [Aside to Seb.] I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*]

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter below several
strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they
dance about it with gentle actions of
salutation ; and, inviting the
King, &c., to eat, they depart*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What
were these?

20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne ; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ;
And what does else want credit, come to me.
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,—



For certes, these are people of the island,— 30
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind ; for we have
stomachs.—

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy ;
claps his wings upon the table ; and with
a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[Alon., Seb. etc., draw their swords.]

You fools ! I and my fellows 60

Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume : my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ; 70
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80

Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music,
enter the Shapes again, and dance, with
mocks and mows, and carry
out the table*

Pros. [Aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ; 90
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand
you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me : and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded ; and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*]



Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great
guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after, 105
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

Pros. If I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before 15
All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
 Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros.

Fairly spoke.

31

Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own.
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari.

Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come', and 'go',
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw 52
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir:
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter IRIS

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ; 61
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy
brown groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air ;—the queen o' the sky,



Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

71

Enter CERES

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

80

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

90

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. —Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain ;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,

99



Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Song

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty ;
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing ;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact 121
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and
send Iris on employment.*]

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Juno does command. 131
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymps

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards
the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly,
and speaks ; after which, to a strange,
hollow, and confused noise,
they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid ;
no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air: 150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160

If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

Pros. Come with a thought!—I thank ye:—Ariel,
come.

Enter ARIEL

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.



Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking ;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor :
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
I' the filthy, mantled pool beyond your cell, 182
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ; 190
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.



PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy has done little better than played the
Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss: at which my
nose is in great indignation. 200

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should
take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
monster, but an infinite loss. 210

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this
is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban.

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody
thoughts. 221

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
look what a wardrobe here is for thee!



Cal. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano !

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool ! what do you
mean

230

To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's along,
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like
your grace.

240

Ste. I thank thee for that jest : here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. ' Steal by line and level ' is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

249

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers : help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about ;
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews 259
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little 265
Follow, and do me service.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before the cell of PROSPERO*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ; 10
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, ' The good old lord, Gonzalo ' ;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit? 19

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,



One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther. Go release them, Ariel: 30
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves ;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demy-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites: and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid— 40
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
I here abjure ; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that



This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I 'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.

*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic
 gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and
 ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN
 and FRANCISCO: they all enter the
 circle which PROSPERO had made,
 and there stand charmed;
 which PROSPERO
 observing, speaks*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.

59

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace:
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.

70

Thou'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
 Would here have kill'd your king: I do forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide 80
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
 That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—[*Exit Ariel*
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry. 90
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After sunset merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
 And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
 Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king.
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
 For more assurance that a living prince



Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome. 110

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No. 130
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault—all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore ; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I'm woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and patience 140
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish 150
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke 159
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,



Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

170

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and
MIRANDA playing at chess*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon.

If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

Seb.

A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;

I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*

Alon.

Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!

180

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir.

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

Pros.

'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal ;
But by immortal Providence she's mine :
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pros. There, sir, stop :
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown !
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon.

Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and
Boatswain amazedly following*

O, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship— 222
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea,

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship: our master



Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them, 239
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Was't well done ?

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence! Thou
shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every 249
These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [Aside to *Ari.*] Come
hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free ;
Untie the spell. [Exit *Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune.—
Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight. 260



Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

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Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

280

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but
a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.



Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*]

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ; 291
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !

Pros. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. 299
[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away : the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all :
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch 315



Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,
chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands. 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

NOTES

ACT I

SCENE 1

S. D. This tempest is a tropical storm, like those often mentioned in Hakluyt's *Voyages* as occurring in the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic; here transferred to the Enchanted Island and its sea.

2. what cheer: how do we fare, sir? Is there any hope for us?
cheer: lit.: expression of face, Lat. *cara*, face. (Hence "cheerful", full of cheerfulness in face and mind.)

3. Good: (1) (vocative, with comma) my good man, (spoken encouragingly to the boatswain but *not* in answer to his question); as in the Indian vernacular, *āre bhāi*. (2) (nominative with colon) it is good cheer with us (spoken in answer to the enquiry): (1) is the correct explanation; (2) is contradicted by the next words, **speak . . . mariners:** encourage the men (who are disheartened, and are slack at their work. The captain speaks very little, his boatswain much.

3-4. fall . . . yarely: carry out my orders promptly.

5. cheerly: work away in good spirits.

6. my hearts: my brave fellows, my *dildārs*, my *jawāns*. ("hearty" is courageous.) **Take . . . topsail:** The effect of lowering this sail would be to lessen the danger of the ship being driven inshore, before the wind, on to rocks ahead.

7. whistle: through which orders were issued by a code of sound signals.

7-8. Blow . . . enough: I don't care if you blow as hard as you can (defiantly spoken at the storm) even till you burst your lungs ('wind'), if only there is an open sea with deep waters for the ship to be driven over. **room:** sea-room. This word one often comes across in Hakluyt.

10. **Play . . . men :** behave like men ; be of good courage.

11. **keep below :** stay in your cabins, don't come on deck (for passengers, if they are on deck during a storm, are only in the way of the men; l. 13). The boatswain keeps his temper here.

13. **Do . . . him?** Don't you hear him issuing orders through his whistle?

15. **good :** here and in l. 19, has a conciliatory tone, deprecating the boatswain's impatient reply to Antonio's foolish question. See l. 3.

16. **cares :** sing. verb when a pl. nominative follows.

16-17. The storm will not hush itself in awe, if I tell it that there is a king on board ; the storm will not care for his bidding, however much I care for it (looking at Alonzo who had said " have care " to the boatswain). **roarers :** a pun: (1) roaring waves ; (2) blustering bullies. The title of a play by Dekker is " The Roaring Girl ".

19. **whom :** persons no less than the king of Naples, his heir, the duke of Milan, and their courtiers, all of them great men.

20. **None . . . myself :** I love my own life most, and to save it, I shall do my best ; and I could do no more to save the lives of others, kings and princes and dukes though they may be.

23-24. If a king's orders in council can allay a storm and save your lives, issue them ; if they cannot, then be thankful to us, master and mariners, that our seamanship may save your lives. **hand :** handle, touch.

27. **S. D. Exit :** The boatswain, as the master has done, hurries off to another part of the deck, where he hears the latter whistling for him. These " *exits* " and " *re-enters* " show the hurry-scurry going on on board, from one place to another.

28-33. Gonzalo takes the unceremonious way of the boatswain in very good humour ; and from his rough, weather-beaten face whimsically draws this comforting reflection: the very looks (' **complexion** ') of this gallows-bird show that he was born to be hanged ; and, as the proverb says that one born to be hanged will never be drowned, *he* will never be drowned, and therefore, the ship will never be wrecked, and *we* will never be drowned ; although *our* faces, being so different from his, have no marks as his has,

that would save us from drowning, were he not with us ; luckily we are " in the same boat " with him, and will be saved through his ugly face. This prediction comes true! **no mark:** for every line on his face is a " hanging mark." **Stand hanging:** Destiny, do not alter your decree about him. **our cable:** The means by which our lives will be saved ; a ship's cable and anchor are emblems of hope and safety in storms. **our own:** our own cable, the means of the safety of our own lives. **little advantage:** for we have no " hanging mark " on us, to hold out hopes of our not being destined to be drowned.

34-35. The lowering of the top-sail not having stopped the ship from being driven landwards, the top-mast itself is ordered to be lowered, and the main sail (' **course** ') to be set, all the while the helm being " hard up " ; the effect would be to bring the ship to a standstill (' **bring her to** ') **lower:** (1) (adjective) bring it down lower still (2) (verb imperative) lower away. **Bring course:** (1) (semi-colon after " to ") bring her to a standstill, stop her from being driven further inshore ; this is to be effected by setting the main-sail, " bracing up " the yard (*i.e.* turning it as far as possible parallel to the keel), and putting the helm " hard up " ; this would stop the ship, just as steaming right astern *against* the wind keeps a steamer stationary. (2) (no stop after " to ") make her try to come to a standstill by setting the main-sail ; the same meaning as in (1) which is the better way of explaining.

36. **this howling:** coming from the passengers in the cabins below, who are frightened afresh by the violent tossing and pitching of the ship, as she is being brought round into the " teeth " of the wind (*i.e.* dead against the wind).

38. **Yet again:** You have come on deck again, have you?

40. **Fright drives** Sebastian and Antonio, two bad men, to despair, that makes them use language towards the boatswain, every word of which is much more truly applicable to themselves ; as for good Gonzalo, no doubt frightened just as much, fear does not make him lose his sense of humour, nor his hoping against hope.

43. **noisemaker:** the boatswain was necessarily noisy while himself working and making others work ; these two men are noisy, and with their noise only hinder others from working. Add to all this

noise made by passengers and crew, the howling of the winds, the rushing of the waves, the rattling of the thunder, and what a scene is presented to our ears (if we can *hear* a scene)!

47-48. The handling of ll. 34-35 having stopped the ship, the next move is to lower the main-sail ('**lay her a-hold** '); this makes the ship "wear," *i.e.* drift land-wards before the wind; next, the fore and main-yards are "braced up," *i.e.* turned completely round on to the other sides of their masts; the two largest and lower-most sails, the fore-sail and the main-sail ('**two courses** ') are set; and the helm again is put "hard up"; the effect of these operations should be to bring the ship round on the other tack, and enable her to clear out to sea. **lay her off**: direct her course off the land. The above seems to be the navigation of the ship, and in the opinion of some critics is good seamanship; while others merely carp at it, but explain nothing. All that the master and the boatswain have done should, in reason, have been humanly successful, let us say; but at this moment Ariel interposes, magically upsets all they have done, and drives the ship on to a rock or a sandbank, a seeming wreck.

S. D. wet: wet with pumping below, over the hold.

49. **to prayers**: This act—the last of mariners in despair—is often mentioned in Hakluyt, as well as the boatswain's act below.

51. But that fearless sea-dog, the boatswain is not in the praying mood; working hard as long as there was hope, and hope gone, turning to the consolation of the bottle. In the second account of Somers's shipwreck, "the whole crew, weary with pumping, had given all for lost, and began to drink their strong waters and to take leave of each other." In l. 54, "drunkard" refers to this, but critics have missed the meaning there. **What cold?** then let us warm our mouths with good, strong liquor.

52. The king and those with him take their leave of life with fervent prayers; the boatswain and others with him, take *their* leave of life with a last hearty drink. **assist them**: join them: *assist*, lit. sit or stand by the side of.

53-54. These two bad men are not in a prayerful mood, as the good Gonzalo is, but rail with impotent maledictions on others,

as *their* farewell to life. **merely**: entirely ; it was, they say, all the fault of the mariners (which we know is not true).

55. **wide-chapped**: that opened his mouth wide just a little while ago to bawl, and opens it wide now to gulp his last drink. **drowning**: in cold water, as he has now been drowning himself in hot liquor!

56. **washing . . . tides**: It was once a penalty at law to hang pirates on the seashore at ebb-tide, and leave their bodies there to be overflowed by three flood-tides. Antonio vindictively wishes the boatswain's body to be exposed thus to ten flood-tides, to wash all the liquor out of him that he has been drinking.

56-57. Gonzalo ever takes a bright view of things: though every drop of sea water longs to drown him, and swears against his being hanged, hanged, not drowned, he will be!

64. **acre**: just wide enough for the whole of the ship's company to stand upon.

64-65. **ling, heath, broom, furze**: (1) This is Hanmer's fine emendation, and is the correct one. All these four nouns mean (nearly) the same thing ; namely, various species of a shrub that grows on barren ground and is useless to man ; the iteration of the same useless thing under different names best expresses the eagerness for *anything* growing on land, that he might only plant his feet upon ; in this eagerness of despair no one would pick and choose and specify the *colour* of the species or variety of the thing on which he would like to be safe on his legs on land ; a man dying of hunger and thirst cries out simply for food and drink, and does not specify whether he would prefer them hot or cold, roast or boiled, brown bread or white, plain water or strong liquor. (2) Ff. reading is "*long heath, brown furze*," and is corrupt, because it specifies in that way, and enfeebles the rush and energy of the four nouns, by changing two of them into adjectives, so as to make botanical distinctions between varieties of the same species. Why long heath and brown furze? Would not short ones and yellow ones be as welcome? A *bona-fide* Channel swimmer is glad to set foot, at the end, on the beach anywhere, and does not look out for a sandy one, in preference to a pebbly one.



SCENE 2

S. D. The Island: On the seeming ground afforded by ll. 144-151, ("some leagues at sea", "rotten carcass of a butt"), matter-of-fact critics felt bound not to go far from the Italian coast into the Mediterranean Sea; and on that afforded by II, i. 70 sq., not to go far from Tunis on the African coast, in their search for this island; and thought they had found it in one or other of two small islands, Pantalaria and Lampedusa, not far from either coast. If they had looked at I. ii. 159 ("How came we ashore", "By Providence divine"), they would have seen that this Providence that worked the miracle of saving that hulk from sinking, might have worked another, and carried them in it *anywhere*. We, readers of the magic of Prospero, will rather refrain from trying to lift the veil that shrouds this island from the prying eyes of geographical research and will rather resort to fancy, and place the island anywhere, raising it out of the wide waters on earth (in the pacific Mediterranean or in the "roaring forties" of the Atlantic), to be the scene of this play; and then, when the play is over, to make it sink and disappear for ever off their face.

3-5. The sea has laid siege to the sky; the besieged from their castle-top (*i.e.* the black thunder-clouds up in the sky) pour down a deluge of rain, and flash flames of lightning on the besiegers; the besiegers (*i.e.* the waves of the sea) leap up to the assault, and put out the flames of the enemy's missiles; this is Miranda's metaphor. Its want of clearness and its vivid forcefulness are both due to the agitation of mind under which she forms and utters it.

In the *Discovery of the Bermudas* (by Somers) we read: "On the 24th July, 1609, there arose such a storm that the heavens were obscured, and made an *Egyptian darkness* of three days perpetual horror." This darkness suggests the 'pitch' in the text, "pitch" suggests 'stinking' here, where it refers (as "sulphurous roaring" l. 204, and "foul bombard," II. ii. 21. do) to the smell that accompanies a thunderbolt or a meteor-fall; 'stinking pitch' thus combined suggests a mediaeval siege, when the besieged, from on top, poured down boiling pitch on the besiegers below; the



waves, leaping up mountains high, dash up to the very clouds in the skies, and put out the fire of the lightnings! Miranda's metaphor is an amplification of this line in the second narrative of Somers's shipwreck: "The sea swelled above the clouds, and gave battle unto heaven."

4. **welkin's cheek**: the clouds, swollen with rain, are the puffed out cheeks of the sky; which, from its mouth, is pouring out the deluge of rain; the waves of the sea dash up angrily, and slap the cheeks of the sky! What sound slapping *in excelsis*! Her imagination is vivid, but the language at her command—she is only fifteen—is homely.

5-13. We, critics, pity Miranda for her confused metaphor, but these lines, showing her tearful pity for the "souls," "the noble creatures" she saw drowning under her very eyes, should change our pedantic vanity into adoring love for this young girl's tender heart, at this the first time that we hear her speak.

5. **the fire**: The furnace of flaming lightning brands in which the pitch-pot of the downpour of rain was boiling!

6. **brave**: Fine, trim-built, handsome in build and rig: this is the first ship she has ever seen.

7. **no doubt**: very likely; she is not sure of this, for she only saw them from a distance.

8. But they were near enough for her to hear their cries of distress;—the first human voices, except her father's that appeal to her pity and sympathy, when she hears them.

10. **any . . . power**: a being endowed with superhuman power, as I know you, my father, to be: this is a gentle reproach to Prospero for having allowed the calamity to happen, when he could have prevented it.

13. **fraughting souls**: The beings that composed its living *freight* (a word now used only of cargo). **Be collected**: be calm: Miranda had been agitated in speech and manner.

15. **O . . . day**: a cry of grief: Prospero's assurance had not calmed her, and he has to repeat it; an Elizabethan young lady would have said "Beshrew the day," but Miranda has not been taught "society" language. **No harm**: (with a full stop) I repeat, no harm has been done to them. Some critics are mistaken when



they put a note of interrogation after "*harm*," and give the two words to Miranda. Pity alone fills her whole heart ; her father's first assurance falls upon deaf ears, and he has to repeat it. To make her question her father here, would mean that pity had given way to doubt, which it could not, without enfeebling itself by half disappearing.

19. **more better**: much better, a great deal better.

20. **full poor cell**: it is every time "*cell*" in the play, but I like to think that it was a *cave*. Cell or cave, what a contrast to his past dwelling, the ducal palace at Milan! Caliban calls him a "*blind mole*," and this favours a *cave*, and pictures to us two glorious "*cave-dwellers*" in poetry, Prospero and Miranda—how different from the cave-dwellers that science describes to us! Christian saints and anchorites have lived, in poor caves, a life of rich spirituality ; so have those in Buddhism ; and a cave-dweller of romance need not be a Neanderthal or a Piltdown cave-man of science: see IV. i. 194, *note*.

21. **thy . . . father**: nothing more than, no greater a man than, your father, Prospero ; a contrast is meant with his past greatness as duke of Milan. Miranda, however, pays little attention to all this ; she knows nothing from experience, and cares to know nothing, about palaces and dukedoms ; and is content with knowing all that she cares to know—that he is her father.

22-23. But it is time that you should know more. With this, Prospero puts off his magic robe (which he had to put on when, as magician, he directed the illusion of the storm), and becomes the ex-duke he was, to tell his daughter how he lost his dukedom, and how he now means to regain it. **So**: Thank you, that will do ; she had helped him to take off his robe: we may suppose he also puts by his staff and his book with the robe.

25. **Lie . . . art**: lie there on the ground, outward symbols of my power as a magician. **Wipe . . . eyes**: Her eyes are still wet with the tears she had been shedding, ever since she began speaking in l. 1. They say we come crying into this world when we are born ; we may here say that Miranda, crying as she sees the shipwreck and the drowning of its living freight, is born into a new world of things and beings she had never known of before.

27. **very . . . compassion:** pity in its deepest form ; the depths of pity in thy heart.

28. **provision:** prevision, foreknowledge.

29-31. Confusion of two constructions: (1) there is no soul that has been *lost* ; (this verb being implied by the noun "*perdition*," loss); nay, there has not happened ("*betid*") the loss ("*perdition*") of so much as a single hair to any creature in that ship ; and (2) no loss of life ("*soul*") has happened ("*betid*") to any creature ; nay, not the loss of a single hair has happened to any creature. (1) is a compact, (2) is a diffuse, construction.

35. **bootless inquisition:** fruitless enquiry ; question that you always put off answering. Her curiosity was all about herself, nothing about her father's dukedom.

36. **The hour . . . come:** The action of the play is designed to be limited to four hours ; and the events of fifteen years or so that led to these eventful hours are now going to be narrated by him who suffered most from them, to her who suffered with him, without knowing, as he did, the causes of these sufferings. Inept criticism, unable to see this, finds, in this design of the author, a proof of his "*immaturity in the art of dramatic composition*," in order to find factitious support for assigning an early date of composition to the play.

41. **Out:** quite these three years and the twelve years of l. 53 together give Miranda's present age.

42. **other house:** other dwelling-place than this cell.

47. **Four or five:** this at once tells us, who know more than Miranda, that she was a princess, born to wealth and luxury. **women:** How does Miranda know that these faces, seen by her at the age of three, were those of women? She had never seen a woman's face since that age that might have helped her to know. Prospero seems to give it up (l. 49); so must we, unless she knew from pictures in her nursery books.

50. In the faintly remembered past, in which things appear indistinctly in thy memory ; as objects do, when we look down a deep, dark well or chasm, in whose bottom they lie.

53. Scan: Twèlve yé/ár sínce,/Mírán/(da) twèlve/yèar sínce/. The first "*year*" is drawn out into a stressed dissyllable the

second "*year*" is an unstressed monosyllable; the first "*twelve*" is unstressed, the second is doubly stressed; "*Miranda*" is almost a dissyllable (*Mirand'*), the third syllable being slurred, and its weak unstress thrown on to "*twelve*": the dissyllabic "*year*" emphasizes the fact that it was years and not months; the doubly stressed "*twelve*" emphasizes the fact that these years were no less than that number. Another scanning that lays emphasis on both words "*twelve*" and leaves both words "*years*" unemphatic, merely repeats one fact, and overlooks those *two* facts above: it is, therefore, incorrect.

55. Miranda does not yet realize that her father, here speaking to her, was the duke of Milan he is speaking of.

56. **piece of virtue**: masterpiece, perfect model, of a virtuous wife: this is all that we hear—and that only incidentally—of Miranda's mother; but how much is that all—the virtuous mother of a virtuous daughter, whom she left motherless, when not even three years old! In *Macbeth* the mother of the virtuous Malcolm, and wife of good king Duncan, is spoken of in only three lines, but they describe a whole life-time of virtue.

59. **princess**: daughter of a duke; on the continent this was so, and "*prince*" and "*princess*" were not titles confined, as they are in England, to sons and daughters of the king only.

61. Scan the fourth and fifth feet thus: *Bóth, bóth,/my girl/*. The fourth foot is doubly stressed (spondee), the fifth is unstressed (pyrrhic).

62. Scan the fourth and fifth feet thus: *Wère wè/heáved thénce/*. **heaved**: carried off by force: an obsolete use.

64. **teen**: sorrow: often so used in ballad poetry, especially in lowland Scottish.

65. **from**: away from, clean out of.

67. **I . . . me**: Whenever he comes to a critical point in his story, Prospero, in this excited way, draws her attention to it, testily fancying that she is not attending enough to him:—needlessly, as her replies always show. See ll. 78, 87, 88, 106.

68. **next thyself**: next to yourself among the living. Miranda's mother must have been dead, when Prospero delegated the



government to his brother ; otherwise he surely would have said " next thy mother and thyself ".

70. **as at**: at: "as" is added for formal emphasis, as it still is in legal phraseology (" as from such a date "): and does not mean " since."

71. **signories**: dukedoms, lordships ; properly, the supreme council of a mediaeval Italian city state ; next, such a state itself, **the first**: the leading state among these republics.

72. Scan: And Prós/pèr (o) thè/príme dúke/beíng só/rèpút/ (ed). The second foot is a pyrrhic with " o " elided, the third (spondee) is doubly stressed; in the fifth " -ed " is elided or slurred. **Prime duke**: the leading duke among the heads of such states; called " duke " in Milan, " doge " in Venice, " gonfalonier " in Florence.

73. **liberal arts**: The University of Pavia, a dependent state of Milan, was a great seat of learning once ; here, among these arts we must include *magic* as one ; and the duke was a great proficient in it.

77. **secret studies**: studies in the secret or occult sciences.

79-81. The deputy duke had made himself a proficient in statecraft, as statecraft was in those times, and in Italy. **who . . . who**: nominatives used emphatically for objectives. **trash for overtopping**: hold back, restrain, for being too eager to outstrip others in the race for honours and emoluments in the state service ; a metaphor from hanging a weight round the neck of a hunting dog that outstripped the others in the pack.

81-82. Created a new body of servants of the state, by winning over to his own interests some of those who had been attached to mine. and dismissing others, and appointing in their places new men devoted to him.

83. Holding in his own hands both the patronage of offices of state, and the supreme executive power in the state itself.

84-85. Made them dance to his own music ; made them act as he chose. **key**: a pun! (1) key of the door of admission to posts in the state, (2) key that tunes a musical instrument ; or the key-note of a piece of music, giving the dependent scale of notes.



86-87. The ivy, a climbing plant, clinging closely to walls and tree-trunks, is here called a parasitic plant that draws its nourishment from the tree to which it clings and so kills its host. **attendest not**: Prospero's violent agitation of mind makes him fancy that Miranda is inattentive to him: it is not his garrulity, as some critics mistake it to be, that makes her really inattentive: she is listening with all her ears.

90. **closeness**: withdrawal, from the world and its affairs, into my secret studies.

92. **Overprized . . . rate**: was worth much more than the estimation of my people could ever think it to be worth; for the common people ever under-estimate the worth of the liberal arts.

93. **evil nature**: ambition to supplant me in the people's estimation, as being a more fitting person to rule them.

98. Scan the fourth and fifth feet thus: *rèvén/ùe yíeld/(ed)*; "revenue" is accented on the second syllable, "ed" is elided in sound, the stem already ending in a 'd'.

100-103. Who, having by repeatedly telling to himself the lie, made his memory such a liar, that it represented this lie to him to be the truth, and brought him to believe it to be so. **a sinner memory**: He repeatedly told himself that he, and not I, was the duke; when he looked back into his memory, he found he had always thought himself, and called himself, the duke; so that at last he believed that he was the duke; from thinking he was duke, and saying to himself he was duke, he came to believe that he really was what he thought himself, and called himself, to be. The Ff. reading "into" is corrupt, it should be "unto". **it**: the lie. **memory**: the persistent repetition of this lie, as far as he could remember, when he looked back. So, recently an -ism in the healing art taught that a sick person, by repeating to himself "I am well", "I am well" continually, actually became well. Critics have fancied difficulties here that do not exist, and invented readings that are not needed.

103. Scan the fourth, fifth and sixth feet thus: *óut óf/thé súb/stlút/(ion)*: an Alexandrine, the fourth foot is a trochee, "ion" is slurred or elided. **Substitution**: the fact of his being merely my deputy.

104. **outward face**: public functions and outward insignia of office as duke.

105. Scan: With ál/préróg/àtive/héncé hís/ámbí/tìon grów/(-ing): an Alexandrine, the third foot is a pyrrhic, the fourth a spondee, "-ing" is elided or slurred. **all prerogative**: plenary powers as duke; Prospero had reserved no rights as duke for himself. **hence**: a repetition of "out of" in l. 103. Prospero's agitation of mind accounts for his broken grammar and his frequent irregular rhythms.

107. **To . . . screen**: To remove the distinction yet lingering between himself and me, as duke-deputy and duke.

109. **Absolute Milan**: Duke of Milan without any qualification or limitation (such as is implied by "deputy").

109, 110. **Me . . . enough**: supply "he thinks"; "poor man" is added in ironical self-pity. **temporal royalties**: rights of a king (duke) as temporal sovereign; he thought I was good enough to be a king in the realm of the liberal arts, a king ruling over a library.

112. **So dry**: So thirsty, so eager to be duke as to be ready to sacrifice the independence of his dukedom to the suzerainty of Naples.

114. **coronet . . . crown**: vassal dukedom under the crown of a kingship.

117. **his condition**: the terms he made with Naples. **the event**: my deposition and deportation.

118. **might**: possibly could.

119. **but**: anything but, even if she had so bad a son as this, my uncle.

122. **inveterate**: implacable, *lit.* of long standing; Lat. *vetus*, old.

123. **premises**: conditions to be previously ("pre-") fulfilled.

125. **presently**: without delay: **extirpate**: exile; tear up root and branch; Lat. *stirps*, stem.

126. **Milan**: the duchy of Milan.

132. **thy crying self**: our first acquaintance with Miranda dates from this eventful night: a motherless infant of three years, awaked at dead of night, crying, put on board a boat, without a nurse, in sole charge of an old man, both meant to perish out at sea.

134. **cry it:** cry the crying; and she suits action to words.
hint: subject, occasion that makes me cry; *lit.* handle.

135. **to it:** to do it, to cry over again; and she does so afresh.

139. **well demanded:** you ask a very pertinent question; in the midst of her tears and sighs, her brief responses to her father as he proceeds with his narrative, show an intelligence, clear, alert, quick in realizing each event as he narrates it; her question here brings out the diabolical design of her uncle: they were secretly carried out of Milan and to the sea-coast, there put into a ship; well out at sea they were transferred to an unseaworthy boat, *without a crew*, Prospero and Miranda the only two living beings in it. What was this but an act of murder, so planned as to be without a witness of it?

141. To get regular metre, critics omit "*nor*," not seeing that the vehemence of the repetition of the negative is lost, to gain a smooth, sing-song rhythm. Retaining "*nor*" scan the third, fourth

and fifth feet thus:—my' péo/plè bóre (me)/nòr sét/; "*me*" is slurred over. Throughout this narrative Prospero makes bad grammar, bad rhythm, confused sequences, both of words and of thoughts—but all, the *natural* consequences of his state of mind; and corrections of them would be a *false* representation of that state.

142. Thy uncle dared not put thee and me to death openly in Milan. Prospero was dearly loved by the people; such a step would have provoked a rising; hence the provision of an armed force from Naples to suppress it, if it broke out, and the secrecy of these proceedings to avert its doing so.

146. **butt:** the correct reading of the Ff.; it means tub, hulk, *i.e.* the hull of a vessel denuded of mast and rigging and sail (l. 147); critics, seeing no other meaning of "*butt*" than "*wine-butt*", read "*boat*" which is a feeble emendation, though widely adopted. An unseaworthy ship is still called a "*tub*" in derision.

147. **rats:** the proverb says that rats quit a sinking ship, Prospero has not even the consolation of a *living* creature like a rat for company in the hulk, consolation that a prisoner once found from the presence of a spider in his cell; no wonder he makes bad grammar in using the *present* tense "*have*" here and in l. 155;

the vividness of the recollection makes him fancy those realities were *present* with him now ; change these present tenses into the past, and see how cold and lifeless the correction makes the narrative to be.

148. **hoist**: past tense of obsolete present *hoise* ; whence modern present *hoist*, with past *hoisted*.

149-151. This is the sympathy of inanimate nature for these two solitary human beings, abandoned by *all* living creatures, man or beast or vermin. **roared**: this is the sea's mighty way of *crying* out of pity for them, *not* roaring to devour them. **loving wrong**: of course the blowing of the winds, and the tossing of the waves would have indicated a cruel wish to destroy them ('**wrong**') ; but here they were only meant to show their only pitying wish *not* to do so ; now, they only *seemed* bent on wronging them, but *actually* they did no wrong to them ; that butt "lived" in that sea, and the winds and waves flatly refused to further a wicked design of *human* beings. What a moral there is in this ! The elements have a sense of justice and a feeling of pity that man has not : the winds and waves will not do a wrong that Antonio does not scruple to do ; they show pity where he showed none ; they who afterwards roared and howled with fury to wreck a "brave" ship, skilfully navigated against them, now roar and sigh out of sheer pity for a wronged old man and an infant, alone and helpless in a rotten hulk ; they wreck that ship and drown all hands in it ; they spare and let live this butt and the two in it !

152-158. This is the second time we meet little Miranda ; and we meet her now again as an infant, but smiling in her poor father's face, as a ministering angel comforting him, as a guardian angel breathing fortitude into him. **cherubin**: pl. of cherub (-*n* or -*m*) ; not the cherubs of Hebrew or Christian angelology, but those of the art of painting, are meant ; there they appear as little infant faces each with a pair of wings, and the rest invisible amidst clouds ; so must Miranda have appeared, warmly wrapped up, lying in her father's arms, and nothing but her smiling face visible, out of her wrappings—smiling, all unconscious of danger.

155. **decked**: (1) covered with a flood of tears (*deck* : originally, to cover) ; (2) sprinkled with dropping tears (*deck* : provincialism, to sprinkle). The hyperbolical meaning in (1) is more suitable to

the overwhelming grief within, than the recondite meaning in (2), ferreted out to remove the hyperbole.

157. **undergoing stomach:** fortitude, passive courage of endurance; the stomach once was the poetic seat of courage, of pride, of anger, of abhorrence, besides the prosaic one of hunger.

159. Providence, that had sent its angel to inspire comfort and endurance, now carries out its purpose by miracle: *how* the miracle was wrought and *where* it landed them, we shall never know. As the storm and its consequences were a miracle wrought by human magic, so the survival of this hulk in a rough sea and the safe landing of its occupants on shore, were a miracle wrought by divine magic, as without irreverence, we may call Providence in this play, so full of magic. This grand purpose of Providence is forgotten by critics who put a comma instead of a full-stop after the word, and confine the workings of that power to providing a little food and water (l. 160); and who besides forget that the comma gives no answer to Miranda's clear-cut question (l. 158).

160. This merely shows that they had enough food and water on board (which was the work of Gonzalo, not of Providence direct) to keep them alive.

163. Antonio had been fool enough, as all knaves in the long run prove to be, to entrust the work of deportation to the good but timid Gonzalo, who openly carried out his orders, but secretly broke them, by furnishing Prospero with the means of escaping present death and the means of future punishment of the wrong-doer (his "books," l. 166).

164. The rich garments were, partly, his magic robes, and partly his royal robes; the latter to help in future identification, if needed; the rest were necessities for setting up house-keeping, if they escaped death.

165. **steaded much:** been of much use.

166-167. These books were, no doubt, some for "light reading" for himself (say, MSS. of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and, perhaps, St. Catherine of Siena), others were "school books" for little Miranda (out of which she got her nursery stories that she told to Caliban), and, above all, his great book on Magic, worth more to him than his dukedom.

169. **but ever:** only once; for she little knows how near he is, and how soon she will see him; which will be after the close of the play, when she acts the hostess to her father's guests in the ducal cell, doing the honours at table, as princess of Milan, (after she had cooked the supper with her own princely hands)! **Now I arise:** double meaning: (1) (literal) Prospero stands up; after he had put off his magic robe he had been sitting down, with Miranda close by his side, to speak to her as a mere man and her father: he speaks ll. 169-186 standing, as he puts on his robe again, without her help, which she was going to give, but which he prevented her from giving (l. 170. "*sit still*"); (2) (metaphorical) I arise from the nadir of these twelve years of depression through my enemies, to the zenith of ascendancy over them, now that they are in my power. An absurd emendation gives these words as addressed to "Ariel above, invisible". Ariel has no business to be eavesdropping where father and daughter are speaking together, and he has no power to see or to hear or to do anything except as his master, as magician, orders him; when not on duty for orders, Ariel is anywhere, nowhere, except where he does not intrude, invisible it might be, on the privacy of father and daughter; when ordered, he makes himself visible to his master alone, from this anywhere or nowhere, as he does at l. 188. Other explanations of these three words are merely pointless, irrelevant.

172. **more profit:** (verb) to profit more, to become more proficient.

173. **princess:** (pl.) princesses, the plural termination being suppressed in sound, but understood in sense.

179. **Now . . . lady:** now auspicious to me; now my friend, and no longer my foe.

181. **my zenith:** the zenith of my good fortune; my restoration to my dukedom.

182. The language of astrology; the star of my good fortune is in the ascendant, and if I omit to take the right step at once, its ascendancy will be arrested, and it will never reach the zenith. **influence:** an emanation flowing from the stars like an astrological ether, upon the fortunes of men. We still "thank our stars" for our "good fortune."

185. The first use Prospero makes of his magic on resuming his robe, is to mesmerize Miranda (as she sits by his order) into a sleep. He never allows her to see him and his servant together at their magic work.

186. **I choose**: I know you must sleep, whether you wish it or not; for this sleep is a charmed one.

190. **answer . . . pleasure**: do anything it pleases you most to order me to do; the next lines show that Ariel's activity extends over three of the four elements; the fourth being the scene of Caliban's drudge-work, but this is confined to the *surface*; and Ariel's activity extends to the fourth element also, when action below the surface, in the very bowels of the earth, is needed (l. 255).

193. **his quality**: his kindred spirits, who can fly, dive, swim, just as he can; Ariel is *head fairy* (*sirdar fairy*) to Prospero, directing other fairy spirits under him.

194. **to point**: in every point, exactly.

195. **article**: item, however small; the smallest detail.

197. **waist**: the part amid ships, which is lower than the raised prow and poop, fore and aft of it.

200. **bore sprit**: bow-sprit. **distinctly**: in different places.

196-201. This electric discharge in the air in a storm is described in the second account of Somers's shipwreck, and in some of the earlier voyages in Hakluyt. The Greeks called it Castor and Pollux, Christian navigators called it St. Elmo's fire. Here it is the work of Ariel's fire-corps of salamanders: the words "I", "me", and their verbs in ll. 196 sq., may mean Ariel alone, or him and these, his fire-fairies, acting together.

203-206. This siege reverses besiegers and besieged as we saw them in Miranda's metaphor; but the "sulphurous roaring" here explains her words "stinking pitch" there; while the waves there slapped the cheeks of the clouds, the waves here tremble at the "fire and cracks" of the sky. Does Ariel want here to extol the valour of his own element, and belittle that of the other element into cowardice? **trident**: the sceptre of Neptune; the *trisula* of the Hindu god, Mahādeva.



206. Scan: Yéa his/drèad trí/dènt sháke./My brá/àve spirit/,
The first foot is a trochee, "brave" is prolonged into a dissyllable,
"spirit" is a monosyllable.

207. **coil**: turmoil, confusion.

211. **quit**: quitted; -ed is omitted after dental -t of the stem.

212. Ariel could set the water on fire.

213. **up-staring**: standing up stiff on end; "stare" is now used only of a fixed look, not of a fixed position, as here.

214. It is very unheroic in this young man to leave his father behind, and seek his own safety; the Romans could show a better son in the "pious" Aeneas (who carried his old father through fire, on his back) and we, readers, can show a heroic daughter in Miranda in that butt; but it is necessary to separate father and son.

215. **here**: having broken loose from hell.

217. **nor a hair**: Prospero knew of their safety before Ariel says this, for he used this very expression himself to Miranda; his asking the question here shows his anxiety to be reassured, and his wish to lead Ariel to give him the details; which he does.

218. **sustaining garments**: Ophelia in *Hamlet* is similarly buoyed up, and a similar incident, that saves the lives of a mother and her infant, is mentioned in Hakluyt, in sober truth; but that here is, of course, due to magic.

219. But this washing clean of their clothing is all due to magic alone.

224. **knot**: arms folded; so used in *Hamlet* also.

224-226. (with a comma after "ship") Ariel's categorical answer shows the question to be "Say how thou hast disposed of the king's ship, of the mariners in it, and of the rest of the fleet." Inattention to this reply led critics to drop the comma after "ship" (which is given in the Ff.), and give involved and erroneous explanations.

228. **dew**: needed for Prospero's magic experiments and operations; Sycorax needed it for her witchcraft; she could gather it only locally, but Prospero's superior power can send to the Bermudas for it, where, no doubt, the most potent brands could be had.



229. **still-vexed Bermoothes**: the Bermuda islands ever ravaged by storms; in Raleigh's *Voyage to Trinidad* (1595) it is said that the channel of the Bahamas is a perilous and fearful place for rocks and sands, the rest of the West Indies, for calms and diseases, and the sea about the Bermudas "is a hellish sea for thunder, lightning and storms." **still**: always, unceasingly.

234. **flote**: flood, sea. This line is no proof that Prospero's island was in the Mediterranean also; all geography was thrown to the winds between Prospero's being put into the butt and his arrival at the islands, and here is, between the dispersal of the fleet and its finding itself again in the familiar waters of the Mediterranean; in both of these two cases, the intervening spaces are traversed by magic, in magic time, and to and from unknown magic seas.

240. Prospero again asks a question, the answer to which he knows already and more accurately; unless indeed either he looks at the hour glass or up at the sun or the words "*at . . . glasses*" are given to Ariel. **two glasses**: two hours; it is to be over-precise to say that a "glass" is half an hour, as "bells" are now, on board ship. The duration of the Action then may be taken to be four hours.

241. It is already two o'clock, and much yet remains to be done; you must hurry up, Ariel.

242. Ariel is impatient for freedom, his taskmaster is insistent for more work; and between the two follows a scene similar to that, later on, with Caliban; Prospero succeeds in quelling both rebellions; but the one, by an appeal to gratitude, the other, by recourse to threats.

243. **remember**: remind.

245. **canst**: possibly can; have you not already all that you can rightly demand?

246. This time of release from service was fixed by Prospero, and agreed to by Ariel, after his release from confinement in the pine. Prospero has right on his side, and Ariel falls back upon a plea of good service for release *before* the time he had agreed to; just as prisoners are released before their full term, for good conduct.

248. The Ff. reading "*made thee*" makes the scanning irregular, but preserves the symmetry between "*told thee no*" and "*made thee no*"; this symmetry is destroyed for the sake of getting smooth,

regular scanning, by omitting the second "thee"; this is a mistake; for "thee" is much needed here, since this is a *personal* matter in dispute in which the pronouns "I," "thou," "thee," "me" run in fierce riot against one another, are hurled to and fro between the two persons concerned; retain the second "thee," therefore, and scan thus:

either (1) Tóld thèe/nò liès/máde thèe/nò mîs/tákings/sérved/; a catalectic hexameter with five harsh trochees followed by a slight pause and a stressed final syllable; the harshness of metre being meant to show the temper the speaker is in;

or (2) Tóld thèe/nò liès/máde thèe/nò mîs/tákings/sérved/; making harsh rhythm again. Both (1) and (2) lay stress upon emphatic words, (1) laying stress twice on "no," (2) laying stress on "lies" and "mis-". Ariel is not in the humour for smooth iambs and regular rhythms.

248-249. This refers directly to what Ariel has not been, and indirectly to what Caliban has been: "I have never been all this towards you, as Caliban has been, and you know it." We heartily sympathise with Ariel for his hurt feelings, and begin to hear more of Caliban's conduct in the past.

250. *bate . . . year*: release me a year before the expiry of my term of service to you. Ariel's case was this: Sycorax had been deported by the king of Algiers to this island; had found its inhabitants to be fairies with Ariel as their chief; forced him, by the power of her malignant witchcraft, into her service: this service was of a gross kind (like the occupations of the witches in *Macbeth*), and repulsive to Ariel's ethereal nature; he rebelled; she imprisoned him within a cloven pine; out of which no power, except that of beneficent magic could release him; she died; he remained confined thus for twelve years; and would have remained so for ever, unless Prospero had come to the island, and released him. As a return for the release, Ariel agreed to serve his benefactor for a term of years, one year to be abated for good conduct; he demands that abatement now on that ground; Prospero detains him only two days (l. 298) after this demand is made, when he releases him. Ariel thus gets his one year's abatement in full, less two days only. Where is "tyranny" on Prospero's part in all this; and what is all Ariel's impatience



about if not only over two days out of one year? Yet some critics are very hard on Prospero.

252-256. You think I overwork you, and you grumble at having work to do down at the muddy bottom of the sea, or up in the freezing air of the polar regions, or deep in the bowels of the earth, where the ground is frozen stone-hard; do you? From here it seems that Ariel, though exempted from domestic drudgery on the surface of the earth, (ll. 190 sq.) had to carry out daring exploits below its surface, among those disagreeable native mining people, the gnomes and cobalds: and he, a sylph of the air! **baked . . . first:** Ariel, like these gnomes, had to make his way through these rocky strata by sheer, naked force (as fishes do through water), not having either pickaxe or dynamite to help him. Prospero's language shows that he had complained to him of the hardships he had to encounter in every element. Prospero did not know (as we nowadays do) that in the bowels of the earth, there is heat, not frost. **I . . . sir:** How quickly does Ariel's bad temper vanish on his being reminded of how much he owes to Prospero, and what a contrast to Caliban's stubborn obstinacy! The latter maintains one sustained grudge against his master, that deepens into a conspiracy against his life; the former asks for his release once almost every half hour, and is pacified, quickly enough, each time.

257ff. Prospero's temper 'rises as Ariel's falls (he now "sirs" him humbly) and in it he calls Ariel names that somebody else deserves much more; this anger is genuine, not feigned, for at this supreme crisis of his fate, it might be fatal, unless he put down every sign of mutiny with a strong hand.

258. **Sycorax:** the word is a compound of Lat. *sus* (Gk. *hus*) pig. and *corax*, raven; the one an unclean beast, the other an ill-omened bird in witchcraft. In the first narrative of Somers's shipwreck we read: "But all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine," in the Bermudas that had "ever been accounted as an enchanted pile of rocks, and a desert inhabitation for devils." A learned derivation for "Sycorax" given as from Algerine Arabic may be dismissed on the ground that Shakespeare never heard of it.

259. This is the orthodox age and personal appearance of witches. With this cross-examination, Prospero brings out the story of Ariel's past life, and convicts him out of his own mouth. **No, sir:** the very name brings up recollections of her cruelty to him, and makes him tremble, and confess his fault, and even be speechless for a moment before finding words to confess ('speak,' thunders Prospero).

262. **once a month:** this was during the many years *before* the Action of the play began: *during* its few hours, we hear him ask, once almost every half hour; without taking this too literally, we can see that Ariel's present fractiousness is not his first.

264. Scan: Fòr mís/chièfs mán/lfóld/ànd sór/ceriès tér/rìb'le/ (alexandrine); so that the same accents fall symmetrically upon the paired nouns and adjectives "míschíefs" and "sórceriès," "mánìfóld" and *térrib'le* (-ble=-bel), thus making "sorceries" a dissyllable, and "terrible" a trisyllable; critics who find "terribel" unpronounceable—it is merely the Lat. "terribil" (is)—insert a "too" and find the consequent "terr'ble" (dissyllable) quite pronounceable!

265. **Argier:** Algiers; in Hakluyt, in letters and lists of captured ships and men sent in 1585 to the Moslem ruler of Algiers, written in Latin, the name is given as *Argeria*.

266. Sycorax's respite is explained by ll. 269 and 282; Shakespeare is applying English law to the Moorish courts of justice in Algiers.

269. **blue-eyed:** some disfigurement is meant: (1) with lived rings round the eyelids; or (2) blear-eyed, with the pupils opaque and bluish (as in cataract).

270. **my slave:** Ariel in his cantankerous moods used to call himself so, ('report'st thyself') as a reproach to Prospero.

271. **her servant:** she had forced him to be this through her witchcraft.

272. **for:** because.

273. Ariel's nature made these commands repulsive ('abhorred') to him, and he had refused obedience. The collection of the ingredients of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*, made by the three witches, under Hecate's command, gives an idea of the nature of Sycorax's commands to Ariel.

275. **ministers:** other servants more powerful than Ariel, through whom she overpowered him; if she was his jailor, they were



her turnkeys; very likely malignant gnomes from under-ground, servants best suited to her own nature.

277-279. In Romances (Ariosto, Spenser) we find human beings thus shut up in trunks of trees, and wailing aloud for deliverance.

281. **strike**: strike the water; we might say "As fast as the wheels of a paddle-steamer strike the water."

282. **litter**: give birth to; the word is used of beasts and suits her as far as her name points to her nature, that of a sow.

283. **whelp**: used also of the young of beasts: Prospero, in his anger, denies a human nature to Caliban, though he has just said that he had a human shape.

285. **dull thing**: sullen creature; Ariel is still moody (l. 244).

288-289. Then there were wild beasts on the island; the wolves and bears must have howled and growled *out of pity* ('**penetrate their breasts**') for the sufferer, whom they were impotent to help in any way! **ever angry**: whose nature it is to growl and howl through hunger and rage; even such creatures were moved with pity at Ariel's cries of suffering, as the winds and waves were at Prospero's and Miranda's wrongs.

290. **the damned**: those condemned to the torments of hell; i.e., to everlasting torment.

291. **again**: ever; has the same meaning as "*un-*" in "*undo*" (back) and emphasizes it. This shows the superiority of the *white magic* of Prospero over the *black art* of Sycorax.

293, 296, 300. Ariel's sullenness rapidly gives way successively to gratitude, repentance, alacrity to obey.

294-296. Prospero knows that there will be no need for him to carry out this terrible threat.

297. **be correspondent to**: be responsive to; answer with ready obedience.

298. Scan: *And dó/my spírit/lng gént (ly)/dó sò/and áft (er)/, twó dàys/; alexandrine, the fourth and sixth feet are trochees, "gently" and "after" are monosyllables, like "mast(r)" (l. 299). **spiriting**: work as a servant spirit. **gently**: without a murmur, taking pleasure in my work.*

300. Ariel quite recovers the sprightliness natural to his race; and stands on tiptoe, like Mercury; speaks with eager impatience to be off on his errand; his quick repetition shows this. Contrast this with the sullen grumbling submission of the other rebel, as he slouches away to obey orders (l. 372).

302. There is no need to strike out "**thine and**," as some critics do, on the ground that Ariel must needs be visible to himself; indeed, he is visible, invisible as he is, to the audience too. Scan:

Gò máke/thýsèlf/likè à nýmph/òf thè séa/bè súb (ject)/; the third and fourth feet are tripping anapaests. (To) nó síght/bùt thíne/ànd míne/inví/síblè; "To" is slurred, the first foot is doubly stressed (spondee) the fifth doubly unstressed pyrrhic, compensating the first foot.

306. Miranda does not know that it was her father's magic that had put her to sleep; he had done so, as he wishes her never to be present at his interviews with Ariel, nor to see that graceful fairy in his own shape; so that Ferdinand might be the first youth, fairy or human, that she would set eyes on. Ariel was any age above twenty-four; but he could look that age even if he was seventy.

308. **Caliban**: an anagram on "*Cannibal*"; the early Spanish navigators named the Carib tribe of savages in the West Indies, *Caribals*. Later the name was applied to man-eating savages, at first in the islands of that sea; and afterwards, anywhere in the New World and anywhere else on earth.

311. **miss him**: do without him.

313. **profit**: are useful to.

314. Caliban's laziness: he thinks he is going to be sent to fetch more wood.

316. **tortoise**: referring to his *slowness* in coming out of his den, and *not*, to his *shape*, as critics mistake.

317. **quaint**: pretty; referring to Ariel as he looks in his new form as a sea-nymph.

318. Prospero whispers to Ariel that he is to play and sing to Ferdinand, and so draw him to where he and Miranda might meet.

319. Caliban's parentage on both sides. Shakespeare merely adopts the common belief, held in all seriousness in his and former

days, in the possibility of such a parentage; whence names like "incubus" etc., for nightmares.

321. Caliban's ingratitude. **wicked dew**: dew meant to be used for wicked purposes; both Prospero and Sycorax needed dew for the practices of their respective arts, the one getting his in a twinkling all the way from the Bermudas, the very best in quality; Sycorax getting hers slowly from her neighbourhood, of inferior quality, no doubt; the one through a fairy spirit, the other with a raven's feather.

322. **raven**: Sycorax employs the bird of ill-omen, from which she had part of her own name ("corax").

323. **south-west**: elsewhere too Shakespeare refers to this and the south wind as being noxious.

325-330. Caliban's cowardice. This prompt sentence inflicts corporal punishment on the offender, to be carried out by supernatural agents; any appeal to the mind, any mental punishment, such as quickly succeeded with Ariel, would be simply thrown away on Caliban.

326. **urchins**: goblins in the shape of hedge-hogs, an animal of nocturnal habits, and hence, like bats and owls, handy for witchcraft to use.

327. **vast of night**: the waste (which is the same word as "vast") of night: the dead of night, which is an empty space of darkness all round. **forth at**: come forth at; the Ff. read "for that" corruptly.

328. **all exercise**: torture you by pricking you all over the body; "all" may be an adjective; or better, an adverb, "all over", as the next line implies.

329. **as honeycomb**: as a honeycomb is set with cells all over, so their quills will prick holes as closely set all over your body.

329, 330. Construction loose; (1) "more stinging than the stings of bees that made them"; i.e. inflicted the stings: this is otiose and we require "make them", present tense for a general fact; or (2) "more stinging than the stings of bees that made them" i.e. made the honeycombs (pl.); the objection is that we require the singular "honeycomb" from l. 329, and "it" instead of "them".
I dinner: Caliban's gluttony.

331. Caliban's claims of rights from which he is debarred; he roundly asserts that Prospero has unjustly dispossessed him of the rights of hereditary rulership over the island. With the same justice or injustice did the savages of the New World charge the European conquistadores from Spain, and the colonizers or "planters" from England, with expropriating them of their lands; the answer of both to the charge is the same: "We civilized you in return, and this is no robbery, but a fair exchange"; and this, and more, might well have been Prospero's answer to Caliban.

333. Such too was the treatment of the natives by the earliest Spanish navigators; they treated them as innocent children of nature, and capable of all that is best in civilization.

334. **water with berries**: cocoa. I have come across this passage in Hakluyt, *The Voyage of Henry Hawks, merchant, to Nueva Espana* (1572): "In certain provinces which are called Guatimala and Soconusco, there is growing great store of *cacao*, which is a berry, like unto an almond: it is the best merchandize that is in all the Indies: the Indians make drink of it, and in like manner meat to eat"; (it is also used as currency for money). The words "water-with-berries-in-it" are literal for the Mexican *chocolatl* (*choco*, cocoa, *latl*, water) English *chocolate*; this was the fashionable beverage of the Caribbeans, and of the Peruvians; Montezuma's table was served with cocoa, frothed up (Pizarro, in Prescott). Critics are on the wrong scent when they say that *coffee* was meant here, running cold to the east, when they should have run hot-foot to the west. It is pleasing to find that Shakespeare, for the few places in Hakluyt where cocoa is mentioned, must have come across many places where are mentioned potato, tobacco, gold; and yet he never mentions any of these three things—the homely food, the filthy luxury, and the sordid will-o'-the-wisp that lured Raleigh—but selects this elegant, royal luxury for mention. The reason why Caliban is made to mention this beverage is to show that Prospero gave him only "temperance" drinks—and that, a food and drink of the gods—*theobroma cacao*, as Linnaeus afterwards called it; while Stephano gave him strong liquor—the hell-fire drink of devils;—and to show that he liked the latter and the giver of it, better. So has it ever after been the case with the American savage



and the white man's fire-water, with the doubtful exception of the Quaker colony of Penn.

335. In Hawks's *Voyage* above occurs this:—"They (the Mexicans) only believed in the Sun and the Moon, saying that they had from them all things that were needful for them." Prospero taught Caliban to discard this belief and to learn their proper functions. To name: to name anew, as luminaries, not as gods, and in Prospero's own language no doubt (whether Italian or Spanish, does not matter). In short, Prospero tried to teach him a little of elementary astronomy, in place of the nature-worship of savages.

Caliban's intelligence is illustrated here (as in other places in the play). The *Voyage* above says this of the American savages: "The people are given to learn all manner of occupations and sciences, which for the most part they learned since the coming of the Spaniards."

337, 338. Caliban's knowledge of *woodcraft* that savages by nature are so proficient in, for procuring the bare necessities of life. He shows it again in II. ii. 168 sq.

341. You are a king with *one* subject, myself: I *was* a king, over myself as my sole subject; this is Caliban's grievance as a dispossessed king; it is surely not a strong one, like Prospero's as a dispossessed duke.

342, 343. Caliban's lustfulness; he grossly violated that trust put in him (l. 347), when Prospero lodged him in his own cell; therefore had he put him into separate quarters, in another rock-cave. **sty me:** keep me like a pig.

349. Caliban's utter moral depravity in the indulgence of the appetites, that puts him low down on the level of the beasts: this too is found among savages, but not always or often, joined to the good intellectual capacity which they often show.

314-348. In this interview we get a full view of Caliban's character that accounts for his subsequent conduct: and is a warning to us not to believe in the fine possibilities some critics see in it. We here see him to be slothful, ungrateful, foul-mouthed, cowardly, gluttonous, lustful, depraved in morality, though quick in intelligence, and with exaggerated notions of his rights and of his wrongs: all this, summed up, makes him out to be a type of the lowest class

of the savage and irreclaimable. True, what he speaks often falls into good poetic rhythm, and once (III. ii. 141 sq.) he shows good poetic feeling; but against this, the other side of the scale weighs heavy. Against his, stands Ariel's nature, in every one of these respects; and makes Ariel (divested of his fairy attributes and his magic power) out to be the type of the best class of the savage, of the man of nature, reclaimable into whatever is good in civilization, or capable of continuing in that state of nature, which may be as good, in its own way.

351-362. This speech is Prospero's: the Ff. wrongly give it to Miranda, perhaps copying a stage direction in an acting quarto: that direction again being the work of a stage manager or actor, who did not like to have Miranda standing by, all this time, without a word. Miranda *does* stand so again a long while (IV. i. 1-144), and I cannot understand how any critic's sense of delicacy could have retained and defended the Ff. direction. It is as much as Miranda can bear, for her to have to stand by her father's side, and *look* upon a creature, whose very sight she must abhor; it should be more than any pure-hearted girl could do, for her to *speak* to that creature; let these critics forget the stage, and think of a scene in actual life, and they will see their mistake: every line, every word, in this speech comes and could come from Prospero's lips alone, as will be seen below.

352. **print**: imprint. **goodness**: virtue; the moral sense in man.

354. It was Prospero, not Miranda (see II. ii. 139, note) who was Caliban's teacher, the trainer of his intellect.

356. You did not know how to put your thoughts into intelligible words in human speech, but uttered inarticulate cries, like a beast. If Caliban had been taught to speak by his mother in her native language, whatever he gabbled in it to Prospero, would be unintelligible to him, since he did not know that language, and he would take it to be no better than the cries of beasts: it would be to him what the Greeks and Romans called a non-Italo-Greek a "*barbarian*" speech, and the Sanskrit-speaking Aryans of ancient India, the language of a non-Aryan *barbara*.

357. **purposes**: "meaning" as in l. 356, i.e., thoughts, what you meant.

358. In other words, Prospero taught Caliban to express himself in Italian (or Spanish). The Spanish priests who accompanied the navigators, similarly trained intelligent savages to be interpreters, by teaching them Spanish. **race**: nature; inherited evil nature; opposed to "*good nature*" (next line).

362. **more . . . prison**: death.

363. **language**: your own language.

364. I . . . **curse**: I can utter curses on you, that you can understand: you would not have understood them if I uttered them in my mother's language, and therefore would not have *felt* them. What venomous malice there is in this! **red plague**: dysentery, called "*bloody flux*" in those days, and often mentioned in Hakluyt: Drake died of it. In French, Spanish and German this disease is still called the "*red flux*" (by its respective equivalents); critics might have avoided guessing at erysipelas, leprosy, etc. **plague**: dysentery is sometimes epidemic. **rid**: kill, move out of the way.

365. **learning**: teaching; this is the meaning in German and Old English, in which the two verbs, "to learn" and "to cause to learn" (i.e. to teach) are from the same root *ler*.

366. **thou'rt best**: thou wert best; properly. "thee were best"; "it would be best for thee"; incorrect use of nominative for dative.

367. **malice**: (vocative) malice personified, malicious from head to foot; thou bag of malice.

369. **old**: an expletive, meaning "much", "more than you like"; we have elsewhere in Shakespeare "old swearing", "old abusing of God's patience."

370. **aches**: dissyllable like "aitches", often used with a pun on the letter "h" as pronounced.

371. **beasts**: you will roar louder than even bears and lions, so as to frighten them; we have seen before that there are great wild beasts in the Enchanted Island.

372. Caliban is cowed; it is only bodily fear that can work on him, not appeals to better feelings, as with Ariel.

373. So he has had experience, in his way, of Prospero being superior to his native god, Setebos; the gods of savages ever inspire fear and hatred, never love and veneration, in their worshippers. To Caliban Prospero is *more wicked* than Setebos.



377. The moves in these dances required partners, in their course, to bow and curtsy to and kiss one another.

378. **the . . . whist**: the wild waves being silent; the dance takes place *after the late storm*, when the waves are calm again. Some absurdly strained explanations mistake "whist" to be an interjection, commanding silence on the waves. It is an adjective or a past participle ("whist-ed") of an obsolete verb, "to whist".

379. **featly**: gracefully, keeping good time to my music. **here and there**: moving from one place to another, as dancers have to do in the successive "figures" of a dance.

380. **burthen**: chorus, refrain; Old Fr. *bourdon*, bass accompaniment; lit. a droning, like that of a bag-pipe; a different word from *burden*, load, from vb. *bear*.

S. D. dispersedly: this barking comes from many different directions.

385. By fairy law all fairy dancing has to cease at cock-crow, as it does here.

388. **again**: afresh; Ferdinand had been giving way to repeated outbursts of tears.

389. The music itself had come "dispersedly" to him, from below the earth, from the air, from the water.

390. This explains "*whist*", l. 378; magic had calmed the storm as magic had raised it. **passion**: grief.

395. **coral**: this is both charming poetry, and correct science: many of the West Indian islands are of coralline formation.

396. **pearls**: in May's *Voyage to the Bermudas* we read: "Also in this island is as good fishing for pearls, as is in any in the West Indies, but that the place is subject to foul weather, as thundering and lightning and rain." It is some consolation to Ferdinand that his father's remains are undergoing this Ovidian metamorphosis, instead of rotting under the salt-sea ooze.

397. No part of him that is mortal (i.e. his body).

402. **remember**: commemorate; refer to.

404. **owes**: owns; sometimes used interchangeably in Elizabethan English. Ariel, carrying out the whispered instructions of Prospero, has brought Ferdinand (who followed his music to hear as



much as he could about his father's fate) to the place where he can see Miranda, and see him, for the first time.

405. Raise ('**advance**') your down-cast eyelids. **fringed**: bordered with long eyelashes (which are most noticeable when the eyes are closed; as they were on the dead Cleopatra). Miranda up to now has again been in a hypnotic sleep, induced by her father.

406. **a spirit**: the last living being (except her father) that she had seen before being brought here and put to this sleep, was the abhorred Caliban; Prospero had done this, to heighten the contrast with the being she was to see now.

408. **brave**: fine, handsome. **a spirit**: and no living human being.

409. **wench**: my girl; once used affectionately.

411. **but**: though, were it not that.

412. **that's**: that is: a needless emendation is "that". **canker**: worm that eats into the *rose* of beauty.

418. It takes a little time before the grief-distracted Ferdinand notices the presence of Miranda.

404-418. Up to l. 404 Ferdinand is rapt in thoughts of his dead father, his pensive eyes on the ground, his ears intent on the music; in l. 418 he is captivated *at first sight* of Miranda: what was the situation in the interval? I take it to be this: Ariel keeps Ferdinand absorbed with his music, while Prospero wakes Miranda from her trance, and makes her to be *the first* to see Ferdinand, before he ever sees her. She sees him, and is captivated *at first sight*: this is what Prospero had hoped for and had planned for, and in l. 416 ("It goes as I wished it to go") he shows his satisfaction at its success: for everything depended on it; of Ferdinand he was pretty sure that *his* capture would be an easy matter. This situation then is *not* a commonplace *tableau* of the "Sleeping Beauty", whom the "Prince" is the *first* to see, before she sees him.

419. **cn . . . attend**: who is attended by this music: as he had thought it to be before l. 386; only, what he thought was a god turns out to be a goddess.



420. **may know**: delicately said for "that I may know."
remain: are a resident of: not merely passing through it, on a fleeting visit.

422. **bear me**: guide myself; find my way to a human habitation; this enquiry is merely a colourable preface to his *real* wish, whose expression follows.

423. **wonder**: without ever knowing it, Ferdinand calls her "Miranda"; such are the miraculous inspirations of love! As is often the case in Shakespeare's comedies, this is love at very first sight.

424. **If . . . maid**: whether you are married or single; this young prince had seen many fair maids at his father's court, and had been present as a guest at their weddings—whatever dreams the brides themselves may once have had; this is the first maid he sees at whose wedding he would wish to be present—as the bridegroom! A corrupt reading "*made*" in the 4th folio has received absurd support as meaning "created being".

424 425. There is no bashfulness that artificial society manners enjoin: there is, instead, a plump directness in her reply, as she looks him full in the face: "I am certainly not a wonder, but only an ordinary girl, and I am certainly not married."

426-428. 'She speaks in Italian (or Spanish), my own mother tongue, and if I was speaking in that language at this moment in Naples I would be the greatest man that would be speaking it (for my poor father is dead, and I am king of Naples).' **How . . . best**: Prospero instantly pounces upon this implied meaning and turns it to his own purposes: "Young man, how dare you utter treason against the king of Naples, by calling yourself its king?" **What wert thou**: what would your life be worth? Would you not be hanged for treason? **thou**: you fellow; spoken in pretended indignation; a great deal of Prospero's anger and threats in the play is only pretended and mere outward show, while, within himself, he smiles to himself all the time.

429-431. Grief, as is often the case in Shakespeare, seeks for relief in highly euphuistic puns. "If the king of Naples heard me speak what I have just spoken, I would be no king myself, but the mere weak, solitary man that I am now, who wonders how

you came to know anything about the king of Naples. Unhappily I am the king of Naples, and, as the king, I hear myself speak it; and because I hear it, I, as son of the late king, weep to hear myself speaking of myself as being the king of Naples. This is a solution of this euphuistic puzzle. **single**: a pun: (1) weak, nothing more than (an Elizabethan meaning); (2) solitary. **He . . . me**: *he*, the king, hears me speak; for I am the king, and I hear my own words, of course. **that he does**: that *he*, the king should hear me, for I am *he*; that I should hear myself calling myself king; and I weep, for I can only call myself so, if my father is no more; and he is no more. **myself . . . Naples**: this is the key to the enigma above. **He . . . weep**: this is spoken aloud, more to himself in sad reflection, than to Prospero by way of information: what follows is spoken directly to Prospero, who smiles to himself as knowing all about it beforehand.

434. **Duke of Milan**: Ferdinand means Antonio, the present duke; Prospero means himself, the former duke, refusing to recognise the usurper as duke, and smiling to himself at his own joke.

435. **his brave son**: "*his*": antecedent, "King of Naples"; "*son*": Ferdinand himself. The objection is that he could not in propriety praise himself as "*brave*"; (2) "*his*": antecedent, "duke of Milan" (here Antonio). The objection is that no son of Antonio is mentioned in the play. This objection is met by supposing that his son was in the suite, though not mentioned among the *Dramatis Personæ*; to meet this again, Francisco is made off-hand to be his son by critics who thus correct Shakespeare's "forgetfulness." **brave**: (1) handsome, (2) courageous. **being twain**: being two of the "*lords*" who were wrecked; Ferdinand thinks that his father and the rest have been drowned after being wrecked, and that he is the sole survivor.

436. **more braver**: much more handsome by far; double comparative for the sake of emphasis. **daughter**: Ferdinand's word "*son*" gives Prospero the cue for his word "*daughter*." **control**: a pun: (1) contradict you, by telling you that nobody is wrecked or drowned, Fr. *contrôler*, counter-rule; (2) be your superior in power; Milan, through his daughter, could be suzerain over ("*control*") Naples, as Naples once "*controlled*" Milan.

439. Prospero often repeats this; it shows that he is as anxious to give Ariel his freedom, as Ariel is eager to demand it; only this business—the grand “project”—must be gone through first.

440. Prospero speaks with great (pretended) severity: ‘I am afraid you are bringing yourself into serious trouble, by what you have said.’ “*done . . . wrong*” is lofty, court language for saying the above. **a word:** Prospero has to repeat this thrice, frowning, before he can get Ferdinand to listen to him.

418-478. Here is the comedy of this first meeting: Ferdinand is wonder-struck (or Miranda-struck) at first sight; Miranda, transported; Prospero threatens him with pains and penalties of high treason against Naples; Ferdinand is heedless of his threats, and gazing heart and soul on Miranda; Prospero threatens him with charge of high treason against himself; Ferdinand is as heedless as ever, and offering marriage to Miranda; Prospero, in high (pretended) indignation sentences him to chains and a dungeon; Ferdinand defies him to do so; all this time Miranda has got more and more alarmed, till now, when she is down on her knees to her father, imploring his mercy; Prospero turns round on her, and in great (pretended) rage, threatens to disown her for pleading for a traitor; etc., etc; till at last, having made sure that his astute proceedings have made them hard and fast in love with each other, Prospero smiles inwardly, thanks Ariel, and marches his prisoner off to dungeon. Was there ever such a (seemingly) luckless love-at-first-sight, or such a (seemingly) cruel father!

442. **third man:** the three are Prospero, Caliban, Ferdinand; Caliban therefore is *human* in shape, which some critics have denied.

443. **sighed:** the sigh of love; another artless confession from the lips of a child of nature.

444. **virgin:** unmarried, a “maid”, l. 424.

445. **gone forth:** to one to whom you are engaged to be married.

446. This is perhaps the quickest proposal of marriage following love at first sight on record; in this play events move with the rapidity of magic time. **Soft, air:** not so quick, if you please.

448. A very good reason, coming from the wisdom of old age, and experience of human nature; and no proof of cruelty and

harshness, that some critics find in Prospero's treatment of Ferdinand.

449. **One . . . more:** I have something more to tell you; Ferdinand has paid no heed to the "words" Prospero has been trying to thrust into his ears, deaf to them; and never even turning his eyes on him, being all eyes and ears for Miranda alone.

450-453. This at last is the "one word" he has been vainly trying, to convey into Ferdinand's deaf ears: 'You are guilty of high treason against *me*, king of this island.'

451. **The name . . . nct:** the name of "King of Naples" that you have no right to. **ow'st:** ownest.

453. **as . . . man:** as a man of honour, upon my honour as a man.

454-456. No god of evil can dwell in so goodly a temple as this; no evil mind can harbour in such a fair body as this; and if ever an evil-minded god can gain entry into such a temple, a god of goodness will try and expel it, and dwell in it instead; if ever evil thoughts and intentions enter into the mind of such a person as this, good thoughts and intentions will kill them. **strive...it:** (1) strive against ("with") it (the "ill spirit"), to prevent it from dwelling in it (the "fair house"); (2) read "in it"; strive (to drive the evil spirit out of the house and) to dwell in it himself.

458-461. Dreadful sentence! Thus manacled, how could he feed himself at all; and, if he could, what nourishment would *such* food and drink—salt water, acorn shells and shrivelled up vegetables—afford? **acorn cradled:** *i.e.* with the nourishing part—the nut—taken out. The absurd severity of the sentence is enough to show that Prospero is not in earnest when he passes it; he "smile" a sly smile to himself, while poor Miranda took him to be dreadfully in earnest. This is the comedy of this "heart-unrending" scene!

462. **entertainment:** treatment.

464. **too rash:** for it is dangerous to provoke him too far: Miranda herself vindicates Ferdinand from any charge of self-praise when he called himself "brave" in l. 437: he is brave in both senses of the word there.



465. **He . . . fearful:** (1) he is gentle in manners (not savage in them, as Caliban is), and courageous by nature (not a coward, as Caliban is); (2) he is of noble birth (not "hag-born"), and courageous. If *she* does not, *we* may contrast Ferdinand with Caliban as above. **gentle:** *lit.* of patrician birth (as among the Romans). **not fearful:** not timid (Spenser has "the fearful hind" (deer), and Chapman, "fearful pigeons"); her warning to her father in l. 464, shows that this is the meaning here; and not "terrible," as some critics mistake it.

466. What! the foot dares to teach the head! The very outrageousness of the language, calling his dear Miranda his "foot", shows that this indignation is all pretended. Prospero is not the "irascible" old man, as some critics, who take him seriously here, mistake him to be.

467. 'You merely pretend to threaten, without meaning to carry out your threat; for your conscience tells you that you are a coward, spy and traitor as you are;' "you are fearful and gentle," says Prospero in effect, thus directly contradicting Miranda, l. 465. **come ward:** drop the point of your sword, and come off from the defensive attitude you have taken up. **ward:** guard (fencing term).

469. **this stick:** Prospero's magic wand; Ferdinand, who little knew *what* the stick was, would have laughed at the threat, had he not felt that his sword-arm was paralysed.

470. Poor Miranda, her reasoning with her father having failed to move him, is reduced to frantic imploring of him.

474. **hush:** she had broken out into loud cries of anguish.

478. Her affection, born not an hour ago, is to last for life: what a proof of the constancy of pure love!

481. **thy nerves:** the strength of thy muscles; often used for muscles and sinews, before science discovered the true functions of the nervous system. **in infancy:** as weak as when you were a child.

490. The severity of the test that Prospero has been applying, gives very satisfactory results; things are going the way he wishes them to go.



496. This oft repeated promise to Ariel has always a condition attached to it—every time it is, "you *will* be free; but *one thing more* remains to be done."

498. To the last does Miranda perseveringly plead for Ferdinand: never was love so quick to spring up; never so cruelly thwarted as soon as it sprang up, in a young bosom, as its first birth; never, in such a cruel fashion, did father win for daughter a son-in-law, that he most wished to have!

ACT II

SCENE 1

1. **be merry**: cheer up; "merry" once had not the meaning of foolish, frivolous enjoyment; the monks of Ely "sang merrily" when at prayers at matins and evensong, at the monastery chapel. Gonzalo, the optimist, a venerable Mark Tapely, is again to the fore with his grave reasons why they should "be jolly" when things look so black.

2. **escape**: escape from death.

3. **loss**: loss of the ship, with perhaps all hands except themselves. **hint**: *lit.* handle; cue, cause, subject "*theme*" in l. 6.

4-6. **wife**: who has lost her husband, one of the crew. **master**: (sing.) the captain who has lost the ship he commanded, and loved as a wife: the Ff. read "*masters*" (pl.), but the sing. is in keeping with the other two singulars. **of some merchant**: of a merchant ship, of a "merchantman." **the merchant**: the trader, who has lost his cargo in that ship. **of woe**: this repetition from l. 3 is not "intolerable," as a critic feels it to be, but very appropriate here, where *woe*, and how best to face it, is the very subject before us.

8. For, under the circumstances—ship split on a rock—it is a miracle that we are alive at all.

9. Alonzo is disconsolate and wants to be left alone with his thoughts, fixed upon his son's death from drowning; this mental



torture is his punishment for having, as it were, buried alive a daughter.

10-104. Pope, poet as he was, missed the meaning of these lines, when he called them an interpolation by some actor, and a piece of "impertinence and ill-placed drollery"; we shall see, as we go on, the impertinence of Pope's pert, shallow, ill-placed fault-finding.

10. Comfort is unpalatable to Alonzo.

11. **visitor**: spiritual comforter, one who comes to comfort us.

12. **wit**: intelligence; he is gathering all his wits about him for another onset of comfort on Alonzo.

15. **one**: one stroke; meaning the one word "Sir." **tell**: count his strokes, his words; all this ill-natured ridicule is meant to conceal the sense of inferiority the bad feel in the presence of the good.

16. When we brood over every calamity and hug our misfortune, as you are now doing.

17. **entertainer**: pun: (1) one who takes grief to heart; (2) one who welcomes grief, as an inn-keeper welcomes guests.

18. **a dollar**: pun: (1) dolour, a fresh source of grief; (2) a payment, such as an inn-keeper receives from a guest for his hospitality.

19-20. There is more serious meaning in what you say than you, in your flippancy, meant it to have. These two men have been talking, seemingly apart between themselves, but intentionally loud enough to be heard by Gonzalo; who is rightly annoyed at their remarks.

21. I meant to be flippant, and did not mean to be serious in what I said; and you see wisdom and seriousness where I meant none.

24. At what a rate does his tongue rattle on! Gonzalo has spoken only three words more, against which they exaggerate thus.

25. Spare me from listening to your talk.

28. **Which . . . Adrian**: which of them two, he or Adrian.

30. **old cock**: Gonzalo.

31. **cockerel**: Adrian was a young man.

33. **a laughter**: he who loses will pay the winner with a laugh.

36. **Ha paid:** (1) (the whole being spoken by Sebastian) Sebastian naturally laughs at having lost his wager, and tells Antonio that by thus laughing, unintentionally though it was, he, as loser, has paid the forfeit to him, the winner. (2) the Ff. give "*so you're paid*" to Antonio; and to make sense out of this, critics read "*so you've paid.*"

40. **He it:** for a "*yet*" must follow a "*though.*"

42. **delicate:** mild. **temperance:** climate.

43. **Temperance:** a name that was used to be given to girls in Puritan times, like "*Prudence,*" "*Patience,*" &c.

47-48. **rotten:** consumptive; he means that the air is foul and ill-smelling, coming as it does from marshes.

49. When Gonzalo in disgust stopped at l. 26, Adrian, with true delicacy, took his part, and continued the talk in the same cheerful vein, looking at the best side of things; he now tries to resume in the same vein; and the two pessimists resume their interruptions, pointing to the worst side of things, on the island.

52. **how . . . lusty:** how very luxuriant in growth; '*lush*' is "*lushious,*" which is a contraction of "*lusti-ous*"; the repetition in "*lush and lusty*" amounts therefore to a superlative, "*very lush.*"

55. **an eye:** a dash, a slight sprinkling.

56. Ironical; he misses much, namely, the pervading brown of the barren soil, and only notices the green of the scanty patches of grass here and there.

57. '*He misses more than much: he misses the whole; for I don't see even a blade of grass about here.*'

35-37. These two different descriptions of the Enchanted Island, as it appears to two different sets of eyes, are like the two descriptions of the Thriving City of Eden, in the Dismal Swamp, as it appeared on paper, and as it appeared in fact, to the eyes of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley.

62. **hold:** retain: but punned upon in l. 66, where it means "*contain.*" **freshness:** a plural in sense (though a sing. in sound) to be in keeping with the pl. "*glosses,*" unless this is emended to sing. "*gloss.*"

66. '*His pockets would say he lied, for they did not hold i.e. retain their freshness and gloss, but held i.e. were filled with,*



salt-water'; there is a feeble pun in "*freshness*": (1) unsoiled condition; (2) soaked with, not salt, but fresh water. The plural means the freshness of each of many.

67. **falsely**: (an adjective in sense) pocket up, conceal his false report about their garments.

69-70. Shakespeare seems to place a Christian king on the throne to marry a Christian princess to him, unless he means to aggravate Alonzo's forcing his daughter to this marriage by keeping to history: he must have known from Hakluyt that the Beys or Beglerbegs (as they are called there) of Tunis were Moslems: if he knew, he does not say it here; but see ll. 124, 136, *notes*.

71. **sweet . . . prosper**: ironical for "unlucky . . . are unfortunate, suffer."

75. **Dido**: daughter of a king of ancient Tyre, who on the murder of her husband, fled to Africa, founded Carthage, and there ruled as queen.

77. 'How has he managed to drag Dido into this talk about Tunis? What has she to do with Tunis?' **widow Dido**: a wretched play on the sounds, "Wee-do, Dee-do," the second word being so pronounced in Latin and in modern continental languages derived from Latin.

78. 'What if he had dragged in "widower Aeneas" also into this talk?' In Virgil's *Aeneid*, Aeneas, flying from Troy after its fall, touched at Carthage, on his way to Latium in Italy, and there is a celebrated love-story about him and Dido.

79. 'You need not be so much surprised at what he says; why, he will say anything, however absurd it may be.'

82. 'This modern Tunis was once ancient Carthage.' Gonzalo is right, and those two carpers are wrong; Tunis is only a few miles N. E. of the ruins of Carthage, both situated on the same bay of the sea, (and are close enough to be now connected by a tramway).

85. 'He raises the walls of modern Tunis on the ruins of ancient Carthage, by his mere word, as Amphion raised the walls of ancient Thebes, by merely playing on his lyre, to the music of which the stones danced to their proper places, and so built up the walls.'

90. **for an apple:** as if it was one of the golden apples *i.e.* oranges, from the gardens of the Hesperides, that Hercules brought into Greece from either the Atlas Mountains in Africa, or the Fortunate Isles in the Atlantic. The fellow sneeringly says that Gonzalo could perform a feat more wonderful than one of the twelve labours of Hercules—carrying a whole island in his pocket, as if it were an orange.

91-92. And performing another feat more wonderful than that of Deucalion, who after the universal Flood of Greek mythology, with his wife Pyrrha, repopled the earth with a new human race, by casting stones behind them, which sprang up as human beings; or more wonderful than that of Cadmus of Thebes, who sowed the teeth of a dragon he had slain, out of which sprang up armed men.

93. **Aye:** (1) Ff. "I"; spoken by Gonzalo: "Yes (aye), I will perform all these impossibilities," as an indignant retort to the sniggering insinuations these two creatures have been making since l. 76; (2) emended to "*Aye?*" spoken ironically by Sebastian: "Will he really perform all this?" (This is the correct way); (3) "*Aye?*" wrongly given to either Alonzo or Adrian; both are absurd; it is absurd to ascribe it to Alonzo, who never speaks except to ask them to let him alone, and has taken no interest in this talk; and absurd to make the amiable Adrian ridicule Gonzalo, whose part he always takes, or ask a foolish question like this, when he has given proofs that he knows his classics.

94. **Why . . . time:** banteringly replying to Sebastian's ironical question, the two keeping up the ball of banter between them: 'To be sure, he will be able to perform them; only give him time enough.'

95. Gonzalo has maintained a dignified silence towards these two men's banter, by taking no notice of it, and never speaking to them directly since l. 20. He now takes up the thread of his talk that they had interrupted at l. 64: all that he had spoken since then having been addressed to one or other of the other three.

99-100. The two creatures sneeringly repeat the jingle "*we-dow, dee-do.*" **O:** I forgot, thank you for reminding me. **ay:** yes, bating (excepting) her, as you remind me.



103. That qualifying word "*sort*" was very well thought of; for the word "*fresh*" requires a good deal of qualification; (Gonzalo's doublet was a good deal soiled, we must suppose); **fished for**: hunted up in his sluggish memory as an afterthought.

104. Gonzalo mentions this marriage three or four times, inventing flimsy excuses for mentioning it; the good man's object is to divert the father's thoughts from son to daughter, from death to marriage; and throughout these hundred lines *this* has been the one effort of this good-hearted man; and to thwart it, has been the object of these two evil-hearted men. Pope did not see this.

106. **The stomach . . . sense**: my inclination.

108. **in my rate**: as I think, as I fear. **rate**: estimation.

112. A third good man joins Gonzalo and Adrian in trying to cheer up Alonzo. Hitherto Francisco has modestly kept silence, and only comes forward after the other two have been repulsed by Alonzo, to try his chance, on the strength of having been an eye-witness.

113. 'I saw him successfully keeping afloat, not allowing the waves to submerge him.'

114-118. 'I saw him playing every limb,' using arms, legs, breast, head, all in active struggle against the waves. This *graphic* description of a man swimming for dear life in a rough sea, is mistaken as being "*prosaic*" by critics, who have forthwith pronounced these lines to be un-Shakespearian, and an interpolation. **ride . . . backs**: keep afloat. **trod**: used his legs (a way of keeping afloat is called "*treading the water*") to keep afloat and to swim; **flung aside**: with the backward sweep of the arms. **breasted**: met the buffeting of the waves with his chest. **head**: kept his head above water—all being difficult things to do in rough water.

119-120. The beating of the waves had *hollowed* out the banks: and this is most euphuistically fancied to make the banks look as if *stooping forward* to lift him out of the water!

122-126. All true, well-meant comfort offered by the three having been rejected, now comes the turn of this "*Job's comforter*": 'Sir, you have brought it all on yourself, and you have only yourself to thank for it.' Sebastian's, and not Gonzalo's, is the real "*cold porridge*" of comfort (l. 10).



124. **an African:** a Moor. Are we to suppose that Alonzo had, after all, married his daughter to a Moslem, the Bey of Tunis? **at least:** if not your son too.

126. 'She who has cause to weep tears of grief at this marriage.' **who:** antecedent "*she*" l. 125, not "*you*" implied by "*your*." **on't:** of this unhappy marriage.

127. **otherwise:** not to do so; this adverb qualifies both "*kneeled*" and "*importuned*," not the latter alone.

129. **loathness:** Was Claribel then forced to this marriage by her father?

130. Which alternative should have greater weight in her mind. **should bow:** she should incline, whether to refuse to marry or to obey her father; whether to follow her own inclination or her father's command.

132. **business':** possessive with *-es* omitted; more men have been drowned (i.e. all the crew) that have been saved (the king and suite).

133. **bring men:** will carry men back to Naples and Milan: Sebastian seems confident of a return to Italy in spite of his pessimism. **them:** the widows; the king would grant pensions, no doubt, to the widows; this would be the comfort.

134. 'If I am most to be blamed, I have also been the most to suffer.'

135-138. At last Gonzalo brings himself to speak direct to Sebastian; and it is in the way of a dignified rebuke. **My lord:** there is cold, distant formality in addressing him so; the metre (only two feet and a half) shows that Gonzalo pauses gravely before proceeding to his rebuke.

136. **The . . . speak:** Our doubts in ll. 121, 129, are here removed. From Gonzalo's truthful lips we hear that Sebastian's rebuke was deserved: Alonzo, then, had been guilty of wrong-doing right and left; in the north, he had helped a usurper to the throne of Milan; in the south he had made a daughter unhappy to secure a powerful ally in the Moorish pirate king of Tunis. In history, alliances by marriage, like this, between Spaniards and Moors did take place; and in Shakespeare's days the ruling dynasty in Naples (and Sicily) was Spanish.



141. Sebastian looks up at the now clear sky, and mockingly asks this question; Antonio looks up too, and answers it *ironically*; there is no far-fetched pun here on "foul weather," and flying sea-fowls. **you:** Alonzo. **cloudy:** gloomy.

142. Gonzalo tries another subject—that of Colonization or Plantation. These were the days of settling European colonists in the New World: Raleigh's attempt to colonize Virginia had failed (1585-1590); so had his project of setting up the "empire" of the Virgin Queen in Guiana, with the Golden City (El Dorado) for its capital (1595), very next door to the "empire of the Amazons" there—two empires under two *empresses*, side by side! Before this there had been the conquests and colonizations of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, and of Brazil by the Portuguese; besides colonies in the West Indies. With all were connected stories of *misgovernment*; it is this that leads the good Gonzalo to describe a project of his own, wholly fanciful, wholly impossible, and perhaps sarcastic and ironical, that would secure *good* government by *no* government at all (*i. e.* by anarchy), secure a well-managed kingdom by a kingdom of "Do as you like," (like Rabelais's Abbey of Theleme, of which the rigid rule was "*Do what you please*"). The satire applies both to actually existing misgovernment in the New World, and to impossible ideal government dreamt of in Utopias, Atlantises and Oceanas, and Montaigne's ideally Perfect Republic of Savages described in his essay on Cannibals.

143. **sow seed:** he wilfully misunderstands "*plantation*" to mean sowing and planting.

145. Insinuating that he speaks nonsense *now* like a drunken man; from what immediately follows we learn that in *his* kingdom, *wine* would be, by contraries, *no-wine* ("*want of wine*"); and we learn afterwards that a "King" (Stephano) gets drunk for no want of wine. This is Shakespeare's harmless joke. Sebastian's ill-natured joke is that that man of virtue is no more virtuous than the rest of the party, for he only makes a virtue of necessity. "They call him 'good Gonzalo,' but he is no better than we 'bad men' are."

146. **by contraries:** executing all things by *not* executing them; Gonzalo jokingly implies that this is a *dream* of his, for "*dreams go by contraries,*" as the saying is.

147. Scan: Éxecute/áll things/fòr nó/kínd òf/tràffi'c/. The first, second and fourth feet are trochees; the fifth foot is an iambus, *traffic*; the metre is made so refractory as to show the contrariety in the thought, and so managed as to lay stress upon the contrary words "all" and "no."

149. Scan: Létters/ z . . . richés/po^verty; the first foot is a trochee, the fourth an iambus ("riches" being properly a sing. noun, Fr. *richesse*, from adjective "riche"), the fifth a trochee as if spelt "poorty" ("poor" is a contraction of "pover," Lat. "pauper").

150. Scan: còntráct/sùccés/sìón/: Alexandrine; "contract," noun accented like verb; "succession," four syllables as in French.

151. Scan: Bóurn bound/òf lánd/tílt h víne/yàrd nóne/. The first and third feet are doubly stressed (spondees), thus compensating for the want of a fifth foot; the four feet should be read slowly as if they were five. The irregularity in these three lines is intentional and there is no need to change the order of words or to otherwise doctor these Ff. readings, as has been done, to get a monotonous, sing-song scansion.

154. women too: supply "idle all."

155. Antonio and Sebastian think they have scored over Gonzalo; but they have not; for Gonzalo means "I would be king, by contraries"; i.e. "in that kingdom and no-kingdom, I would be king and no-king."

156. He began with "king" (l. 144) and ends with "no king."

159. in common: for the use of all alike; no rights of property, no earning of bread with the sweat of the brow.

162. foison: profusion; lit. a pouring forth (Lat. *fusio*) of necessities of life, as out of mother nature's horn of plenty or *cornucopia*.

166-167. perfection: of an ideally good government, resulting from universal anarchy, communism, idleness. golden age: such as is described by the ancients, as being the earliest and most perfect



form of human society, when man lived a life of nature, as beasts do, and yet lived a life of purity, as angels do; such a life as it described in Shakespeare's own days (in Hakluyt) in Amadas's *Voyage to Virginia*, 1584: "We found the people most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the Golden Age; for a more kind and loving people there cannot be found in the world."

168. **do . . . sir**: Gonzalo's last effort to cheer up the king has fallen flat too; for evidently the king has not cared to listen to him.

169. **nothing**: nothing of interest to me.

171-174. If I have failed to interest Your Majesty, as I knew I would, I have at least succeeded in interesting these two gentlemen; for they have been laughing at everything I said; as it is their nature to laugh at everything or at nothing, alike. **sensible**: sensitive; these creatures have been sneering, sniggering, giggling, laughing continually.

175. We did not laugh at *what* you said, but laughed at *you*, for being fool enough to say it.

176-178. What I say is nothing; I who say it am nothing; therefore, you may well laugh both at me and at what I say; for you laugh, when there is *nothing* to laugh at.

179. He had us there; certainly Gonzalo's "report courteous" is felt by this creature to be well deserved for his vulgar remarks.

180. But it is not felt by the other, or rather he pretends not to feel it; "He cut at us with the flat of his sword, not with the edge, if it has any;" the very blunt sword of Gonzalo's wit is meant.

181. **brave mettle**: fine spirits; ironical for mercurial, changeable nature.

182-183. You would think the moon herself to be too slow in changing, if she did not change from week to week, and day to day; and you would thrust her bodily out of the sky, if she took more than four weeks to effect one complete change (four weeks being her present cycle of change). **sphere**: according to Ptolemy, the moon (like the other heavenly bodies, each in its separate shell) was fixed immovably in a solid spherical shell, that revolved round the earth as centre and carried the moon along in its revolution.

184. **bat-fowling**: bats being looked upon as birds, hunting them is called "fowling"; this was done when nights were dark at or near new moon; and if the moon was thrust out of the sky, there would be darkness always, night after night, and our "brave mettle" would find no end of amusement in this "changes."

186-188. I am not angry, I assure you; I will not risk making a fool of myself by being angry over such a trifling thing as your interruptions of me; please continue to laugh, for I think you will put me to sleep by it, instead of angering me. **heavy**: sleepy; this is the effect of Ariel's music on all present, except those two bad men.

189. **and hear us**: (1) go to sleep and hear us laugh in your sleep; (2) an inversion for "*hear us laugh, and go to sleep.*" In (1) the sleep precedes the laughing, and it is merely a fool's absurd talk; in (2) the laughing precedes the sleep, and is, as they think, its cause (for they, the others, drop off to sleep as they, the two, are laughing); its real cause being Ariel's music.

190. (1) All except the three fall asleep at the *same time*; this is so, if ll. 202, 203 are taken literally; but it is more dramatic to see them drop off to sleep *one by one* than all together in a heap. (2) How Ariel proceeds is perhaps this; he plays his music into their ears, passing from one to another, and so that only *one* at a time hears him, and falls asleep, but all in quick succession (l. 202); thus it is that Alonzo's turn comes last, and he remains awake and sees the others drop off, with no cause visible or audible, except the laughing of the two men.

191. I wish I would fall asleep also, and so put my painful thoughts to sleep as well.

201. **my . . . nimble**: I feel my vital powers to be quite alive and active; I don't feel sleepy at all.

202. **thunderstroke**: (1) they all fall asleep suddenly and all together, as it struck dead by a *single* thunderclap; (2) they fall asleep, one after another, in quick succession, as if struck by a quick succession of thunderclaps.

203. This is the first indication given of the thought of murdering the sleepers; it enters into this creature's head at the sight of them all lying at their mercy; the opportunity suggests the

crime. **what might**: what might be, might happen, "*Sebastian*" being a vocative (with comma).

204. **No more**: I will not add another word.

205. And yet I see in your face what you *should* be; there is a cunning double meaning: (1) your noble, king-like face silently tells me you deserve to be king; (2) your guilty-looking face silently tells me that you understand me, and wish to be what I hint that you might be.

206. **speaks thee**: speaks to you; tells you to take opportunity ('*occasion*') by the forelock.

208. They make cautious approaches towards each other: "what, haven't you also fallen *ásleep*?"

210. Surely you are talking irresponsibly, talking in your sleep, about "*occasion*" and "*crown*."

215. It is you that are asleep ('*winkest*'), asleep in mind, though awake in body.

216. Surely you are snoring, not talking; but yet your snoring sounds much like talking, like articulate language with a clear meaning, that I think I can understand. **distinctly**: articulately, not confusedly, not meaninglessly.

218. I am not joking light-headedly (as I have lately been doing), but am quite serious.

220. Makes you thrice as great a man as you now are. **I . . . water**: well, I neither ebb nor flow; I say neither "yes" nor "no"; I neither say that you are asleep and snoring, nor that you are awake and talking rationally.

221. Well, I will change your state of mind from that of standing water to one of running water—running towards a throne and a crown.

221-222. Try to do so; for, if left to myself, by nature I rather tend to ebb—to make myself worse off than I am—to go, like a crab, backward. **hereditary sloth**: (1) sloth inherited from his ancestors—the Spanish *hidalgos*. (2) characteristic sloth of the southern Italian *nobilta*. The viceroys of Naples in the 16th century were Spaniards.

222-225. You do not know yourself, your nature is to go forward, but you do not wish to avow it to others, or even to

yourself; when you say you have no wish ('stripping') to wear the robes I offer you, you only show your secret wish to wear them ('invest').

225-227. Men whose nature is really ("indeed") slothful, ebb and ebb, till they are stranded on the bottom (of the stream of life); you are not one of these.

228. The fire in your eyes and the flush on your cheeks show that you have *something* to say to me. **Setting**: fixed look, indicating a set purpose.

229-230. The putting into words ('birth') of a thought conceived in the mind, that costs you much effort. **throes**: (verb) it throes; to express which it costs you pangs like those that childbirth costs a mother. **yield**: bring forth, express. **Thus**: the matter stands thus.

231-233. This courtier, whose memory for things is as short, as people's memory of him will be, when he is dead. **lord**... **remembrance**: Gonzalo, of whose forgetfulness Antonio has given a proof in l. 155 (where he is mistaken); in any case, an old man, like Gonzalo, is likely to be forgetful; and the reference here to Francisco, as some critics take it to be, is wrong; for he is young, and has nowhere shown himself forgetful.

234-235. For he is the very soul of persuasion; he is nothing if not persuasion; referring to Gonzalo's persistent efforts to persuade Alonzo to look at the bright side of things. **a spirit**: the very soul and personification. **only**... **persuade**: does nothing but attempt to persuade; whose one ("only") business and profession in life is to persuade.

235. **the**... **alive**: this is what led critics to take the reference in l. 231 to be to Francisco: it is true that Gonzalo has not directly, while Francisco has, tried to persuade the king of this: but he has by his persistent optimism indirectly tried to do so from the beginning of the scene; l. 231 is applicable to Gonzalo, and quite inapplicable to Francisco; and lastly the latter is not at all in their minds now, while the former is very much, so; there is therefore nothing "entangled," nothing "surely wrong here," as these critics say there is.

237. **he**: pointing at Alonzo and looking with "set" eyes (l. 228) at Sebastian. **swims**: as his son is said to have done.

241-242. (1) Read "*doubt*." Ambition cannot peep higher without ("but") doubting that it will discover anything beyond that high hope; ambition wishes to peep beyond the high hope of a crown; the objection is that ambition cannot possibly wish for anything higher than a crown; (2) read "*doubts*"; ambition cannot possibly peep higher than that high hope, but as far as it can peep, it fears ("*doubts*," old meaning) what it discovers there. **so high**: implies "no higher"; ambition has no wish to peep higher than the height at the top of which it sees the crown, and this peep and this sight make it tremble with fear at the danger of climbing up to it. **there**: where? (1) (reading "*doubt*" above) in the "*wink beyond*" (this is incorrect); (2) (reading "*doubts*" above) *within* the "*wink*" or "*peep*" it has already had. In plain words: Ambition cannot possibly hope beyond the prospect of a crown; and that prospect makes ambition tremble at the danger involved in the attempt to secure the crown—namely the danger of attempting murder. **doubts**: (1) Ff. reading "*doubt*"; (2) emended into "*doubts*" (correct); (3) fanciful incorrect readings "*drops*," "*douts*" &c. **but**: (1) except (with (1) above, incorrect); (2) ordinary conjunction (with (2) above, correct).

246. **Ten . . . life**: Thirty miles further than a man could reach after seventy years of travel!

247. **post**: postman. It will take long for Claribel to hear the news of her father's and brother's deaths, and take longer still for her to travel to Naples to claim the crown.

248-249. The man in the moon is old, bent double, with a bundle of sticks on his back, a lantern in his hand; and would make a slow postman. **new-born . . . razorable**: till infants become old enough to have grown beards. This exaggeration about difficulties of communication between Naples and Tunis shows the man's attempt to bolster up a weak plea. **she that**: these two words here and in ll. 245, 246 are all co-ordinates, and there should be no stop after any of them; stops here, and emendations in support, are incorrect. **from whom**: in returning from whom.

250. **again**: back on land.

251. **by . . . perform**: by that casting up, destined to perform.
to perform: strict grammar requires that either (1) "*and*" should be omitted, or (2) the infinitive here be taken as a co-ordinate with the participle "*cast again*."

252. **what to come**: what is to follow; the Act or the the Play that is to follow the "prologue."

253. Supply "*is*": is in your and my power to discharge or to enact. **what you**: what nonsense are you speaking; what do you mean? This is a mere pretence at surprise; he understands the meaning.

256. There is some distance between the two countries, some delay in communicating between them; cunningly meant to draw out the other, who as cunningly holds his hand.

256-259. The distance between Naples and Tunis, and the dangers of a voyage, are both so great, that Claribel will be afraid to venture out to sea to claim the crown, and will prefer to stay on and reign at Tunis, and let Sebastian, who will be on the spot, reign as king of Naples. **every cubit**: every cubit's length of the voyage; the voyage will bristle with dangers. **Keep**: let her stay where she is. **wake**: he is now awake, and Alonzo is now asleep, both in the body; let him awake, and let Alonzo sleep, both in *another* sense.

259. **Say**: suppose now; he is showing his hand, but still cautiously. **death**: this is the other sense of "*sleep*" implied above.

261. As they now are—ship-wrecked, cast on a desolate island, hopeless of relief or rescue—why, death would be no worse than sleep to them. **that**: he who.

264. He now shows a little more of his hand, by mentioning the other sleeper; who should also be made to sleep in death.

264. **a chough chat**: I could talk shallow ("*deep*," ironical) nonsense, as well as he does. **make**: make myself, become. **chough**: a species of crow like Indian *mynas*, that can be taught to "talk," i.e. utter words, without understanding their meaning. The man boasts that he would make as good a prime minister as Gonzalo.

266. **mind**: strength of purpose.



268. At last Sebastian slowly unmasks; all this time he has been making a show of *not* understanding Antonio.

268-269. And how does your assent ('*content*') look upon the prospect of good fortune I hold out to you? *content*: your saying "*yes*" to my suggestion; the word is still used in the House of Lords for giving an affirmative vote. *tender*: look with favour upon: Lat. *tener* (*adj.*) tender, soft; different from *tender*, to offer, from Lat. *tendo* (*verb*) to stretch.

269-270. These cunning words cut both ways: (1) you can therefore be my teacher, and I, your pupil, in the art of supplanting a brother on the throne; (2) if I will do as you have done, we shall both be in the same boat, equal in crime, equal in the enjoyment of its fruits, equal in suffering its punishment, if fruitless.

272. *feater*: making me look handsomer than I did when appearing at court, dressed only as a courtier and not as king.

273. *men*: servants: this is this creature's ideas of kingship—to be dressed in royal robes, to lord it over servile courtiers—how unlike to Gonzalo's, though all put "in contraries," and how alike to Stephano's!

274. *conscience*: this looks as if Sebastian still had a conscience left; if so, Antonio's next words put it to flight.

275-276. Where does a man's conscience dwell in him? In his breast? I don't feel it in mine! In his heels, like a chilblain? Why, I ease the pain of a chilblain by simply putting on a pair of slippers, and I can ease the pain of an uneasy conscience with as little trouble; for a conscience pains me no more than a chilblain.

276-277. But the fact is that I feel no such thing as a conscience within me, whether in breast or in heel. *deity*: as people call it, and say it reigns in the human breast.

277-279. And if I had twenty consciences instead of one, within my breast, their voices would fall on deaf ears in me, if they cried out to me *not* to be duke of Milan for their sakes; or if I had twenty consciences in my heels, paining me like twenty hard chilblains or hard corns, I would soften them all and make them painless, as I could soften and make painless any chilblains or corns. This comparison of conscience with corns in the feet is meant to show his contempt for all moral considerations, moral scruples, where



material profit is concerned. **candied**: softened, melted, (so used elsewhere too);

280. **no better**: looking as dead as a lump of earth.

282. **three inches**: no deeper puncture being needed to reach his heart.

284. **perpetual wink**: a cynical levity for "eternal sleep," into which his sword can convert this temporary sleep, for him.

285. **ancient morsel**: old piece of flesh, already half rotten. **Sir Prudence**: the Reverend Mr. Wisdom; here used sarcastically of Gonzalo for "preaching" at them to their annoyance. **Sir**: the clergy were once so addressed. (In *Merry Wives* we have the Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans).

286. **should not**: will not be able to accuse us of the murder of the king, as he would surely do, if we did not murder him as well.

287. **For**: as for. **suggestion**: hint from us that it is best for them to say nothing about this business; it is *here* and *not* in l. 231, that they think of Francisco and Adrian, and dismiss their thought of them in this contemptuous way. **cat laps milk**: (1) as *eagerly* as a cat does so, for cats like milk; (2) as *quietly* (without demur or hesitation) as a cat does so; in either case their ready willingness to take the hint and so to be let off cheap, is meant.

288-289. If we tell them that our *killing* of the king and Gonzalo was no *murder*, and add the threat that it is best for them also to think so, they will readily agree that it was so in fact. **tell**: count; if when the clock has struck twelve midnight, we tell them that it has struck twelve moon, they will readily agree with us.

289-290. I take you, my dear friend, to be my teacher by precept and example.

292. **tribute**: see I. ii. 113. **payest**: payest Alonzo.

293. **love thee**: exempt you from paying tribute.

295. **fall**: cause to fall. **one word**: Sebastian's conscience gone, hesitation (his "hereditary sloth," l. 222) still abides in him; in Antonio there is neither: and this is the difference between the two men, otherwise alike in villainy; the present hesitation gives time to Ariel for his song; what the "one word" was we are left to guess; it is sloth however, not conscience, that saves him from murder.



297-298. **you . . . them:** (1) Ff. reading; loose grammar for "you . . . you and them"; Prospero's project requires that not merely Gonzalo, but Gonzalo and the rest ("them") should be saved from death; (2) the reading "you . . . thee" gives better but not quite correct grammar, and incorrect sense. This oft-mentioned "project" is, first, to make his dear Miranda queen of Naples, and next, to teach all the wicked ones a lesson for offences, some twelve years old, others two hours old.

299-304. These lines are sad doggerel; but on the stage it is the music of the song, and not its words, that matters. There is no more reason to reject these lines as not Shakespeare's than there is to reject the song of the Liliputians in *Gulliver*, as not by Swift.

305. **good angels:** (third person) may his guardian angels; the angels thus invoked, at once respond, for they wake Alonzo.

307. **ho, awake:** and Alonzo wakes the other sleepers. **are drawn:** have drawn (your swords); strictly, "are" would refer to the attitude (standing with drawn swords), "have," to the action (of drawing their swords). A wrong emendation gives this speech to Gonzalo; it is the king's who speaks here and to the end of the scene, with the authority that belongs to him; it is silly to leave him rubbing his eyes till l. 312; Gonzalo's question, unlike the king's, is not in a tone of authority.

308. **ghastly looking:** caused really by their feeling of frustrated crime, and fear of consequences.

309. Keeping watch and ward over Your Majesty, while you were sleeping.

310. **hollow:** deep and distant: the exaggeration in ll. 310-315, speaks for itself as being a clumsy lie, hastily invented.

313. **a monster's ears:** much more the ears of us, men.

316. **humming:** the honest man is ready to give the "benefit of the doubt" to the villain's excuse; of course what his sleeping ears heard was Ariel's music meant to wake him.

319. **there . . . noise:** how obstinate is Gonzalo's conscience not to condemn without the clearest proof!

323. **these beasts:** (1) Gonzalo carries his slowness to condemn so far as to believe their story about the roaring of beasts; at the same time his prudence tells him that the rest should draw



their swords and not remain undrawn in the close proximity of two "drawn" men; and this makes the story of the roaring beasts to be a good excuse for all the company to be ready with their swords: (2) critics go too far in thinking that Gonzalo *wholly* disbelieves the story of the two and refers *to them* when he says "these beasts". In that case he would have said "us", not "him".

324. **For . . . island**: here at last we are assured of Gonzalo's own belief about Ferdinand being alive, whether he did or did not try to make the king believe it too.

SCENE 2

1-14. We have seen Ariel's alacrity in doing his tasks: we here see Caliban's reluctance in doing his; the one blessed his master; the other curses him.

3. **inch-meal**: every inch of his body. **meal**: part, portion, as in "piece-meal"; in modern English, confined to a share of food. **a disease**: one mass of diseases; diseases from head to foot.

5. **urchin-shows**: spirits in the shape of hedge-hogs. **shows**: this word has tempted an absurd explanation as "exhibition of dances of fairies in the shape of urchins"; what *punishment* could this be? Supply "nor" to each verb.

6. **fire-brand**: will-o'-the-wisp; explained as being burning marsh-gas.

13. **wound**: p. pt. not of "wound" (=wounded) but of "wind"; adders twist themselves round me, and threaten to bite me.

18. **Trinculo**: quasi-Italian; "a little drunkard," as opposed to Ital. *trincone*, a great drunkard.

21. **foul . . . liquor**: a stinking leather bag ready to ('would': wishing to) pour out its contents; swollen rain clouds are compared to swollen leather wine-bags; their contents, however, being not good liquor, but the "stinking pitch" of I. ii. 3; this metaphor comes very naturally from the lips of a tippler.

25. **fish**: Prospero calls Caliban "devil," "misshapen," "hag-bred", "tortoise"; Alonzo calls him a "strange thing"; Stephano and Trinculo often, "a monster"; Trinculo and

Antonio, at first sight, call him "*a fish*". Shakespeare here gives us, under various names, a *merman*, a *man-fish*, to correspond to the "*mermaids*" of voyagers; this fancy about sea-man and sea-woman arose from real animals, the dugongs or manatees, marine mammals that mariners came across in distant seas; the ancients glorified the females into their beautiful singing *sirens*; science has drawn from them its names of *sirenia* and *halicores* (Gk. sea-maidens) for an order and a genus of its mammalia; the Spaniards mistook the Caribbean name *manatee* for the quasi Latin-Spanish, *manati*, fish having hands (Lat. *manus*); the flippers of these mammals being mistaken for hands, when the females were seen clasping their young (just as human mothers clasp their infants) when on shore or rising out of the water. Caliban, then, is a *man*, a human being, in both body and mind, but deformed in both; deformed in mind, of which proofs run throughout the play; deformed in body, of which proof is here:—he has splay feet, that look much like the hind flippers of the dugong; and this (together with his foetid smell) is the extent to which he is a *fish*; for he has no tail, like the merman of fiction. I have put all this together, because of one wrong explanation of "*Caliban, the fish*", that derives it from the Hebrew Cabbala about Dagon, the fish-god of the Philistines, mentioned in the Bible; and another wrong one, that makes him out to be like a giant Galapagos turtle *without a shell*!

26-27. **ancient**: (1) old, because salted long ago; (2) smelling offensively. **newest**: recently salted, and therefore not stale or offensive to the smell. **Poor John**: a kind of salted fish; in one of Drake's Spanish captures in 1585 was found "*a great store of Newland fish, commonly called with us Poor John.*"

28. **painted**: and the painting to be exhibited in Europe on his return, as he could not exhibit the original.

29. **piece of silver**: as high an admission fee as a silver coin, instead of coppers for common shows.

30. **make a man**: pun (1) make the showman's fortune; (2) the fish would become a merman: exhibitions of rarities from the New World were in those days a good paying business; and Trinculo has an eye to that.

31. **doit**: the smallest piece of copper coinage, half a farthing.
lame beggar: i.e. a *living* human being, helpless and in distress.

32. **dead Indian**: who can feel no distress and needs no help; people nowadays are all for gratifying their curiosity, none for pitying the helpless and distressed. Several cases are given of such sights in Hakluyt and Purchas; one being of an Indian brought by Frobisher to England in 1556 (not 1557, as stated) where he died.

33. **fins**: the flippers or "hands" of a merman. **Warm**: (1) not dead; (2) warm-blooded; not a fish (which is cold-blooded), but a man.

35. **gaberdine**: cloak; (Shylock wore one).

39. **misery . . . bedfellows**: a poor man has to sleep where he can, and share a bed with strangers. Goldsmith played on this proverb, by making these bed-fellows to be vermin in the bed, from his own vagabond experiences.

40. **shroud**: supply "*myself*"; take shelter. **dregs**: the last blasts and showers: the last drops of the liquor poured out of the "foul bombard" of l. 21.

41. **Stephano**: Grk. *Stephanos*, crown, from his having worn a mock crown for an hour or two.

44. **scurvy**: vile; an expletive long common among sea-men, from the prevalence of this disease among them on long voyages; "this is too *mournful* a tune for me to sing at my own funeral", says Stephano.

45. **comfort**: to cure himself of the "scurvy" of the music.

46. I'll sing something *merrier* at my own funeral; he gives himself up for lost and as good as dead, on this desolate island, and here sings his last "swan song"! Such is *his* way of taking leave of life.

51. And Kate cared not for sailors, and preferred landsmen to them.

54. He finds the sentiment to be scurvy; and has recourse to the never-failing cure for scurvy again!

55. Caliban thinks Trinculo is a spirit about to torment him, and coward as he is, cries out *before* he is hurt.



56. **devils**: ignorant sailors, in Hakluyt, on seeing native savages, often jump to the conclusion that they are "devils" or "witches".

57. **you**: used vaguely like "they", or "people": Is it the way with people in this country to play off tricks like these on strangers?

59-60. **proper a man**: the finest gentleman of them all; the proverb in Europe was "as went on two legs" or "as trod on neat's leather", l. 69; but in this country of *four-legged* men, Stephano has to alter the proverb, as we see: Caliban's and Trinculo's legs protrude from below the gaberdine: the rest of them is covered by it. **went**: walked; "go"; often means this, and is opposed to "ride" in *King Lear*. **him**: Stephano speaks of himself with all the dignity of the third person. **give ground**: move respectfully out of his way; give him the *pas*.

63. Another cry from Caliban, before he is hurt: see l. 79. Trinculo here merely pushes him to make room for himself, or himself quakes with fear (l. 80).

65. **ague**: another disease that sailors suffered much from in the tropics; they called it the "calenture" also in Hakluyt; and, later, the "yellow fever", as in *Tom Cringle's Log*.

67. **relief**: medicine for his ague, and out of his unfailing medicine bottle. **but for that**: only for giving me the pleasure of hearing him speak in my native tongue; Dr. Stephano will take *no fees* for prescribing! **recover him**: from this fit of ague (due really to cowardly fear).

69. **trod . . . leather**: walked about dressed in calfskin boots; (in patent-leather boots, we would now say).

71. Caliban thinks the spirit has been sent by Prospero as an instalment of the punishment threatened in I. ii. 369 sq.

73. **not . . . wisest**: talks incoherently, as in delirium during fever, like the calenture.

76. I will ask only a reasonable price for him; I will make the buyer pay for him through the nose. Two minutes ago Stephano talked about making a present of Caliban to the emperor; on second thoughts he will sell him, but at a moderate price; on third thoughts he means to ask a swinging price for him.



80. **trembling**: Trinculo, a coward, trembles through fear of the strange bed-fellow he has got; that bed-fellow trembles through fear that the trembling of the other is a sign that he is getting up his rage to torment him.

81. **works upon the**: works you up, by his magic, into rage.

82. **come . . . ways**: come, be quick.

83. **cat**: the proverb says "Good liquor will make even a cat speak" (Steevens, if he is to be believed).

84. **shake . . . shaking**: shake the shaking out of you (by a kind of homoeopathy); cure you of your ague fit.

85. **soundly**: (1) with certainty, and no mistake; (if joined to "tell"); (2) quite, entirely (if joined with "shake"); the joke is, with *which* of these two verbs Stephano means to join it.

86. **you . . . tell**: you don't know who is your true friend and who is not; Stephano means himself by the first.

88. **defend me**: may God protect me.

89. **delicate monster**: a rare gem among monstrosities.

89-91. Caliban and Trinculo are lying back to back so that their voices seem to come from different sides. **forward**: the one nearest; **backward**: the one farthest, from Stephano.

93. **Amen**: Stephano says this by way of a solemn *ending* of his ministrations to *one* of the mouths (Caliban's), before proceeding to begin ministrations to the other mouth; the drunken rogue, from posing as a doctor of medicine, now poses as a minister of religion (that of the "Divine Bottle"). **amen**: so be it, said at the *end* of prayers; an absurd explanation of "amen" is that Stephano is becoming frightened. People don't say "amen" when frightened.

96. **call me**: call me by name. **mercy**: it is *now* that he is frightened, for only a devil could have known his name.

98. **I . . . spoon**: "whoso suppeth with the devil, should have a long spoon," is the proverb; for if one sits at table with him, it is safest to keep at a good distance out of reach of his clutch, and not hobnob at close quarters with him.

100. Here then we have the three, all afraid of one another; soon after they all become fast friends, and soon after that again, their friendships break.



103. Trinculo was spindle-shanked, while Caliban was thick-set.

105. **siege**: seat (the two words are the same; Fr. *siège*); back-side: the two, then, were lying back to back. **mooncalf**: abortion; creature, deformed and born before its due time.

106. **vent**: excrete; a very coarse way of explaining front mouth and back mouth. **Trinculos**: objective plural.

108-111. **But art . . . living**: Trinculo has hardly recovered from the daze that all this devilry has thrown him into.

113. Trinculo has been turning him round, front, sides, back, to see if he is Stephano in reality.

114. **not constant**: squeamish, inclined to vomit (as he was, from the drink and the turning round, combined).

115. **sprites**: evil spirits sent by Prospero.

116. **brave god**: fine object for my worship; the savages of San Salvador called Columbus and his men "gods," when they first saw them; those of Virginia called Raleigh and his men "gods"; Drake, in his voyage round the world was called a "god" by those of New Albion in the Pacific. **celestial liquor**: drink of the gods, nectar, as the Greeks called it; *amrita* as the Indian Aryans called it. Prospero, who had tried for twelve years to civilize him in mind and body, was, all these years, hated and cursed by him; Stephano, who has made him drunk on fire-water, instantly becomes a god in his eyes; this too often was the result of the intercourse between the white man and the savage in the New World.

119. **swear . . . bottle**: he has to take his oath (that he will speak the truth) on the bottle, that is held out to him; and the oath is to consist in taking a drink out of it.

120. **butt of sack**: the most fitting life-buoy for a toper.

121. **by**: I swear by; taking a pull at it, by way of oath.

122. The piety of the toper erects a temple for his god, the first thing he does on reaching land.

124. **I'll . . . bottle**: give me another drink.

126. **here**: complying with the request. **swear . . . escapedst**: turning next to Trinculo, and holding out the "book" for him to swear by: 'I have told you how I escaped; it is your turn now to tell me how *you* escaped.' Needless difficulties have been made over this plain meaning. **then**: 'I repeat'; he had asked him this



once before (l. 118), and had rattled on without giving him time to reply.

128. **I'll be sworn**: looking longingly at the "book" he would like to swear by.

129. Offering him the "holy book," the "holy bottle" as Rabelais calls it.

130. **thou . . . goose**: you look like a goose; referring to Trinculo's naturally stupid looks (aggravated by drink).

135. **dropped from heaven**: The first natives of the New World that ever saw Columbus and the first Europeans, took the sails of their ships to be wings, and them to be inhabitants of the skies, who had flown down thus to earth.

139. **my . . . bush**: Miranda, a child, had read, or had been told *nursery stories* by Prospero; some of these she had repeated to Caliban, a boy, and in his earlier years, allowed to be a play-fellow to her; critics make the mistake of taking mistress to mean "school-mistress," and of representing Miranda as having taken Caliban's *education* into her hands; and on the strength of this absurd assumption, they have assigned (I. ii. 351-362) to her. **thy dog**: in addition to the equipment of the man in the moon given in II. i. 248, *note*, must here be added this lunar dog.

141. Stephano is a rigorous stickler for the truth, and will believe nothing except what is said *on oath*!

142. **furnish it anon**: the bottle is nearly empty.

143. **good light**: as Stephano does not offer him the "book," he swears by the *sun*.

144. Trinculo, by this time, has become pot-valiant; he has shaken off his fear of Caliban (l. 80), and here despises him for his childish ignorance ("shallow," "credulous") in believing such stories about the moon.

146. Stephano had reserved the last drink left in the bottle for Caliban, to whom he offered it at l. 141 ("swear"); this neglect of him stirs up Trinculo's bile, and while he is venting it in these lines, Caliban has been finishing the contents of the bottle: when he has drained it dry, Trinculo in disappointed envy says "Well drawn": that was a long pull and a strong pull.

148. Caliban is now in the "mellow" stage of drunkenness, and his profuse offers of service here to Stephano contrast with his crabbedness when he grudgingly rendered it to Prospero, who kept him on "temperance" drinks; the contrast is between Caliban sober and Caliban drunk. **kiss thy foot**: this is the abject worship of the drunken savage for his gods; but in a very different spirit did other savages offer the same act to the white man. When Columbus after his first landing in the New World, sailed to Cuba, the native savages "crowded round these wonderful beings, whom, as usual, they regarded as more than human, touched them, kissed their hands and feet, in token of submission or adoration."

150. Trinculo felt sore against Stephano for refusing him another drink, when he asked him for it in l. 131, and feels sore against Caliban for having left nothing for him at his last draught that emptied to bottle. **perfidious**: who has cheated me out of a drink.

151. And he will cheat his god, when he is asleep, out of a *whole bottle* of drink (when it will be replenished at the butt, l. 142).

154. Then go down on your knees, kiss my foot, and swear.

156. **puppy-headed**: behaving like a fawning puppy-dog. **scurvy**: vile, descending to such dirty acts (as kissing a man's foot).

159. If he did such scurvy acts when sober, I would have thrashed him. Trinculo is in the "quarrelsome" stage of drunkenness.

161. **berries**: besides the kind mentioned before (cocoa berries), there are other kinds with Carib names, mentioned by voyagers, out of which both food and drink were made.

165. **wondrous man**: man that can make *fire-water*. In the eyes of the savage it was a miracle to combine the coldness of water with the heat of fire; without desecrating the name *Miranda* in the feminine, we may make Caliban call Stephano "*Mirandus*," in the masculine, "a wonderful man." And we may thank Trinculo for saying that Caliban's *Mirandus* was only a drunken sot (l. 166).

168. **crabs**: sour apples growing wild.

168-173. More of the *woodcraft* of savage life. **pig-nuts**: earth-nuts, called ground-nuts in India, and monkey-nuts by visitors to the London Zoo. **pig**: pigs, the sole wild beast found by

Somers in the Bermudas, dug up these nuts for food, **jay's nests**: for the eggs. **marmoset**: for the flesh; this little animal is confined, in its habitat, to the New World. **sometimes**: because this was a more dangerous task, depending on tides, weather &c. **scamels**: (1) sea-gulls, sea-mews, whose rank flesh, unpalatable to civilized man, would be very welcome to hungry savages; (2) shell-fish, limpets; (1) is correct, (2) is absurd, as the adjective 'young' shows. Every item mentioned in these lines is meant as an article of *food* for the savage, who by necessity is omnivorous; critics, who forget this, say the jays were meant to be kept in cages to sing, and the pretty little marmosets, to be kept as pets, and rule out the sea-gulls or sea-mews, as unsuitable, either as pets or as food, and stick to the young limpets! **go**: come; Caliban is almost as impatient as Ariel, to set about his work with this new master.

176. **we . . . here**: you and I will take possession of this island; navigators used regularly to take possession formally of lands discovered by them. **inherit**: possess; often used in Elizabethan English in this sense, without any notion, superadded, of hereditary succession. **bear my bottle**: be my bottle-holder;—by this order Stephano installs himself as king, and Trinculo as his prime minister, sceptre-bearer (the sceptre being the bottle) and lord high butler.

177. **fellow**: my man; addressing him as now his inferior in rank. **him**: an affectionate personification of his dear friend and councillor, the bottle. If "Caliban" is "Cannibal," then Stephano here becomes King of the Cannibal Island; Caliban, who had been a rebel against King Prospero, the Civilizer, as being a usurper, becomes the loyal subject of King Stephano, the Drunkard; this points a moral: the "people's free choice" of a ruler may light upon an unfit ruler—a vote catcher, say.

181. Caliban composes poetry with appropriate music, in which rhythm and rime are very good; and even his prose often falls into good rhythm.

183. **trenchering**: washing dishes, slaving as scullery man; Caliban's present participle has been needlessly found fault with by purists.

185. He stammers out his name; he rimes merrily.



186. Addressed to Prospero, at the top of his voice; though, even so, the farewell surely does not reach his ears.

187. **high-day**: holiday, festival day, to celebrate my freedom. Such "freemen" take *liberty* to mean *licence*: no Work, all Play, no Labour, all Idleness.

ACT III

SCENE 1

1-15. Prospero, the "tyrant" has these "slaves": Ariel, his willing slave, working cheerfully to earn his freedom, as a delicate spirit of the air; Caliban, his refractory slave grumbling to work, and grunting to have his "hoggish mind," which, like Grill in Spenser, he mistakes for freedom; and now he has his princely "slave," Ferdinand who is the slave also of love, working patiently, like Jacob in the Bible, to earn his bride.

1. **are**: that are; a Latin construction. **labour**: objective to "sets off" (compensates).

2. **delight**: nominative to "sets off". **baseness**: drudgery, "mean task" (l. 4), "poor matters" (l. 3).

3. **nobly**: without a murmur. **most poor**: (1) some poor, co-ordinate with "some" l. 1; (2) very poor, the poorest.

4. **rich ends**: like the one I am now drudging for.

5. **quickens**: gives life and animation to.

8-9. **crabbed** . . . **harshness**: of course all this is assumed for a good end, and forms no part of Prospero's real nature, which some critics mistake it for.

11. **sore**: enjoined with severe penalties: the dreadful ones of the "manacles" and "dungeon" we can see, have not been carried out, and were never meant to be.

13. **I forget**: (1) I forget myself: I am wrong in complaining as I have done (in ll. 9-11); (this is the best way); (2) I forget my task; this assumes that Ferdinand had stopped working while

speaking this; (not a correct way; see S. D. above.) (3) I forget the painfulness of my task; (this is what he says in the next line, not here).

14. **But:** with both (1) and (3) above "*but*" here amounts to "for," and is not adversative: this is a slender ground for (2) above, which is otherwise quite groundless. **even refresh:** nothing but refresh; go so far as to refresh me, instead of exhausting me. **even:** intensifies the meaning of "refresh."

15. **Most busy lest, when I do it:** this is the corrupt Ff. reading, which has been numerous emended and voluminously commented on; some of which are: (1) *least busy when I do it:* I feel my labour least, when I am labouring hardest; (2) *most busi-less, . . . it:* same meaning as in (1); (3) *most busiest, . . . it:* double superlative for emphasis. In (1) (2) (3) "*do it*" means "go through my labours"; in which case "*labour*" (sing.) is a good emendation for "*labours*" (pl.); but this plural is otherwise in better keeping with the "*thoughts*" (pl.); (4) "*do it*" means "think these sweet thoughts"; (5) *most busy left, . . . it:* I am left most busy with my sweet thoughts, *after* ("when") I have done my task; but why should not he be as busy with them, *while* doing his task? (6) *most busy . . . when least I do it:* most busy with my sweet thoughts, when least busy with my work: same objection as to (5): his work should not have the power to make him forget his thoughts under any circumstances; (7) *most busiest when idlest:* meaning the same as (8) *most busy left, when idlest:* same meaning as (6) and (7); with the same objection. Other emendations and explanations are rational, but do not carry matters further; while others again are fanciful or ingenious or wild: (1) above merely cuts the Gordian knot; (2), (3), (4) give the correct sense, which is, "My thoughts of love are *ever* busy, and my work, even when I work hardest, does not lessen them."

19. **weep:** How can burning fire-wood show this burning sympathy and these burning tears for Ferdinand's troubles? Perhaps, these were pine logs, whose liquid resin exuded while they were burning. How often in this play do we read of *man's inhumanity to man*, and of the *humanity* of the "lower" animals: and of inanimate nature, felt towards man, that the "higher"



animal, man, does not feel towards his fellow-man! Lions, bears, wolves, winds and waves, trees and crumbling river-banks—all in their own way, roar and howl and shriek and sigh and weep and hold out helping hands, in all pity, sympathy, good-will for suffering man; while his brother-man plots against his life!

20. **hard at study**: *Is he?* Miranda little dreams that, invisible, he is at this very moment watching them, after making her believe that, as usual about this time, he is at his books in their cell!

21. **he's safe**: This, at first sight, looks much like artfulness in Miranda, as if she meant that there was little chance of their meeting being interrupted by her father; but, innocent, not artful, soul, she only means that Ferdinand can rest for these three hours, while *she* does his work, so that Prospero will never know he had been idling.

24. This makes l. 21 quite clear; while Ferdinand rests, she means to be busy carrying the logs for him; and she does *not* mean to sit and talk with him, that while. In all Arcadia was there ever such a meeting of lovers and ever such a token of love? There is no "love-making" here, after the hackneyed manner of romance: but, instead, we are left to fancy this child of nature (her request granted) bending under load after load of firewood on her back, to relieve her tired lover! What young lady in romance ever made such an offer?

25. **creature**: three syllables, as still in French.

30. How brimful of strong love and of strong common sense, and how unmingled with the least drop of sentimentality, is this sentiment!

31. **worm**: creature; the word combines pity with affection. **art infected**: pun: (1) are deeply in love; (2) have caught the plague of love.

32. **visitation**: pun: (1) visit, the fact of your coming to meet Ferdinand, to make this offer to relieve him; (2) attack of the plague, as is suggested by "*infected*" (2) above: Prospero's punning shows that he is in high spirits at the success, so far, of his "project".

33. I feel as if I am quite fresh, as at morning, to begin work, though it is now evening, after I have been working for hours; and the reason is that you are present.

35. I only wish to know your name that I might pray for you tonight by name, to heaven; a less pure-souled lover would have asked for the name that he might compose amatory verses on it.

36. In her first impulse to be able to please him, she lets fall her name, and then, as it were, bites her tongue, for having, before she knew it, broken her father's command; another charming trait of nature.

37. **admired**: admirable; **Miranda**: Lat. (fem.), one that should be admired.

39-40. Ferdinand, a prince and heir to a kingdom, had seen and admired many young ladies at his father's court; and had seen something of women and of the world, but never had he admired a woman so much as to wish to have her for wife. Davenant (as Dryden definitely says in the Preface to their adaptation of *the Tempest*) "improved" upon this by making his Hippolito never to have seen a woman, in order to make him a perfect match for his Dorinda (who is Miranda's sister)! So artificial was his dramatic Art, and so false his knowledge of human nature, when he looked beyond the Restoration age.

46. **put . . . foil**: the defect foiled (frustrated, defeated) the virtue, by destroying the good impression it would otherwise have made on me.

47. Thus does the child educated by nature, stand far above the child brought up in artificial society.

48. **Of . . . best**: Apelles, the greatest of ancient Greek painters, is said to have painted his picture of Venus rising out of the sea, in this way; he was court painter to Alexander the Great. The Italian Eclectic School of Painting of Shakespeare's own days, similarly selected and combined what was best in the great painters of preceding ages.

49. Miranda forgets what she said in I. ii. 47; but there she may have meant women whom she knew to be such, only from her recollections of their general appearance and dress, that she afterwards came to know appertained to women.

51. **I . . . men**: in saying this she means to exclude Caliban, not because he was not a man, but because she loathes to think of him by the side of Prospero and Ferdinand.

52. **abroad**: in the world; outside the limits of this small island.

53. **modesty**: chastity; she swears by her chastity, when avowing, without the least artificial reserve, that she would like Ferdinand, above all other men, to be her husband.

60. **I do think**: I fear that I am, at this present moment, a king.

61. **I . . . so**: I wish I was *not* a king, for I can be that only if my father is dead.

62. **wooden**: that consists in carrying wood.

Scan: This woód/èn slá/vèry/thán tò/súffèr/; the first foot is doubly stressed (spondee), the fourth and fifth feet are trochees, the third foot is a pyrrhic: this very harsh rhythm shows the strong indignation at such treatment. Other scansions are given, that I think to be mistaken.

63. The effect of the carrion fly's laying its eggs in flesh, is to make it rot; he means, then, that he would no more endure the baseness of this labour for his hands, than he would endure the befouling of his lips, by uttering a falsehood in what he is about to say to her. **my soul**: my pure soul. **speak** : speak this truth through lips undefiled by a life.

65. **to . . . service**: to be your servant, *i.e.* your devoted lover; "*service*" and "*servant*" (and "*observant*") have this meaning in Elizabethan English.

69. **event**: result, *i.e.* marriage.

71. Change all the good fortune to which I may be destined, into ill fortune. **mischief**: destruction, calamity.

73. **fool**: and "*trifling*" l. 79, show Miranda's (shall we call it so?) *manliness*; she is a woman like other women when she weeps (l. 74), and when she loves in her heart; but she is above the common run of women, when she sees that there is folly in tears, and false modesty in forbidding the lips to speak out what the heart feels.

77. **unworthiness**: this feeling is true modesty.



78. **what** . . . **give**: my love.

79. **what** . . . **want**: your love.

80-81. **it** . . . **itself** . . . **it**: my love. **The** . . . **shows**: the more it shows itself. **bashful cunning**: cunning bashfulness; this feeling is false and affected modesty.

83. The plump directness of this offer shocks all social convention, that requires, in such cases, the woman to wait to be asked.

84-86. Explanations that I have read do not bring out Miranda's meaning; that meaning turns upon l. 55, "*I would . . . bitt you*"; and is this:—"If you will not marry me, I shall ever live unmarried, a virgin ("*maid*," I, ii. 424), but ever loving you only ("*your*"); you may not wish to make me your wife and your equal ("*fellow*") but I shall live as your inferior, your devoted servant, whether you wish it or not. **servant**: double meaning: (1) working for you as a servant maid; (2) loving you as a lover (fem.), as an "*observant*" (note l. 65). In (1) Miranda returns Ferdinand's homage to her in l. 65, *service*. There is a contest between the two here, each looking up to the other as a superior, and upon oneself as an inferior: this looks like the amiable extravagance of love at first sight between the very young; but it also brings out the strength of Miranda's character, strong in love, that she, like Juliet, develops very early in age.

86. **mistress**: my superior (not my "*servant*") to whom I look up, as my future wife, whose present "*servant*" I am.

87. **thus**: suiting his action to his word by kneeling.

89. **of**: is for, longs for.

91. She leaves him at once, thus showing she meant nothing artful in l. 21. **a thousand**: this is a little nonsensical, like Bassanio's words on a similar occasion, but we know what he means—"all happiness attend you."

92-93. The order of words is this:—"So glad of this as they who are surprised withal, I cannot be", and there is no need of emending the reading. Others, taken by surprise, would be glad beyond measure at this result; but I am not taken by surprise,



nor feel so glad as they would, for I planned the whole thing myself 'to bring about this result.'

94. So Miranda was right in l. 21, in so far that, after this invisible spying, Prospero goes to his study and his books, to read them up for the next magic move he should make.

SCENE 2

1. **Tell me not**: don't talk to me; don't tell me to stop drinking. Instead of following Caliban's lead in going in search of food (II. ii. 188), Stephano has led the way to his cellar; there replenished his bottle at the butt; and the three have had another booze and sung ribald songs (l. 125).

2-3. **bear . . . them**: sail up to the enemy and attack him at close quarters, by boarding him (nautical lingo, with a double meaning): (1) show me the way to Prospero's, and we'll attack him; (2) Stephano, as he says this, reaches out his hand at the bottle (which is the enemy he sails up to) and takes another drink (which is boarding him). On the way to the cellar, Caliban had broached the subject of murdering Prospero to the two; and Stephano has, in particular, been preparing himself for the deed in his own chosen way.

3. **drink to me**: drink to my health as king of this island, which I shall be after I have killed the usurper. **servant-monster**: quoted by Ben Jonson in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, thus indicating a date for this play.

5. **they say**: I hear; i.e. Caliban has said.

6-7. **brained**: have brains as addled as ours are with drink. **the . . . totters**: pun: (1) the kingdom of Cannibalia is drunk, like its king; (2) that kingdom is in danger of being overthrown, with all its population of a king and four subjects.

8. **bid thee**: At last even Caliban seems unwilling to drink more, so that Stephano has to repeat the royal command to him to drink.

9. **set**: fixed in their look and sunk in their sockets, through drink.



10. **set**: placed, planted by nature; with a pun on "set," l. 9; stare out of his *tail* instead out of his head.

11. **brave**: (1) fine (ironically); he would be a still more monstrous monster. (2) he would create quite a *furor* as a show.

12. For a time, Caliban has been in the speechless stage of intoxication; which is also implied in l. 21, "*speaking once*".

15. **off and on**: carried to and fro by the advancing and receding waves; he must have kept an accurate log of the distance to and fro; a drunken navigator's very log reels to and fro, and lengthens out a straight line, say of 5 miles, into a zigzag of 35 leagues! Of course the distance was less in a straight line from wreck to shore.

16. **standard**: standard-bearer, ensign; I'll appoint you to the one or to the other post; this is a drunken general's way of appointing a staff.

17. **no standard**: pun: (1) no ensign; (2) unable to stand steady.

15-17. General Stephano appoints his staff officers, for the coming advance and attack upon the usurper Prospero.

18. **run**: (pun); (1) run away from the enemy through fear; (2) be able to run, being too drunk to do so.

19. **nor go**: nor be able even to walk. **lie**: pun: (1) lie on the ground; (2) tell lies.

19-20. You will be unable to speak a word (being speechless with drink) and yet you will lie (as in (2) above).

23. Caliban now finds his tongue.

24. **him**: Trinculo. **not valiant**: for he cannot drink as much as you can.

26. **in case**: in a condition; bold enough. **deboshed**: a thick, drunken way of pronouncing "*debauched*."

28. I have drunk quite enough to prove that I am valiant; that I am not afraid of tackling either the bottle or a policeman.

28. **monstrous**: (pun); (1) great; (2) uttered by a monster. 'Thou canst tell a lie that is only *half* monstrous and *half* fishy, and not a lie that is *wholly* monstrous, i.e. not one that is so *great* a lie'.

32-33. To think that he should call that drunken fellow, Stephano, a lord! He must be an idiot ('*natural*').



36. **mutineer**: sailors, in the days of sailing ships on long voyages and uncertain destination, were familiar with mutinies.
next tree: I'll hang you on the next tree (on the island); if they were on board ship the threat would have been "the nearest yard-arm."

38-39. Caliban is abject and servile towards Stephano; he had always been insolent towards Prospero. **once again**: this shows that he had broached the subject once before.

40-41. **kneel**: the proper attitude when a subject petitions a king. **repeat it**: this shows that Stephano had forgotten all that Caliban had told him of his plan of attack; there is not much to fear from Stephano as a would-be murderer! **will stand**: he tries to steady himself on his legs.

43. **cunning**: (1) skill in magic; (2) rascality.

46. **thou**: addressing Trinculo, whom he throughout supposes to be the speaker, when it is really Ariel who speaks, with the art of a ventriloquist, so that what he speaks seems all to come from Trinculo.

54. **thy greatness**: Your Royal Highness, Your Majesty.

60. Caliban had already told him this, but he had forgotten (l. 42).

64. **pied ninny**: party-coloured fool; Trinculo was dressed like the clown on the stage. **patch**: fool; the dress of the professional stage clown was of different colours, so as to look like patches.

66. **his bottle**: King Stephano had appointed Trinculo to be his Secretary of State for the Bottle Department (or the Drink Office).

67. **brine**: salt water. Caliban's malice again.

68. **quick freshes**: running streams of fresh water. **quick**: lit. living, i.e. flowing.

71. I'll turn my royal prerogative of mercy out of my heart.

72. **stock fish**: dried fish; one part of the process of drying consisting in beating the fish flat; sailors were familiar with salted or dried food of this kind.

78. **this**: being beaten, being made into a stock fish.

79. Your hearing is gone wrong; and, what is more, all your five senses are gone wrong, and you are mad-drunk.

81. **murrain**: plague that kills; Lat. *morior*, to die.

82. **fingers**: with which you struck me.

83. **there**: in that state; the *nature* of the opportunity is stated here; the *time* is stated in l. 114; and the emendation here into " *then* " made by critics is incorrect.

88-98. The completeness of Caliban's plan for the murder, and the vividness of the description of the details for carrying it out, show the creature's natural intelligence, and at the same time his inborn moral depravity, and in both respects he is far above (or below) the two depraved specimens of civilization.

91. **paunch**: slash open his paunch, eviscerate.

92. **wezand**: throat; so used still in Scotch.

94. **sot**: (1) helpless fool, Fr. *sot*; (2) drunken fool; we know Prospero was neither.

95. **they all**: malice makes Caliban forget that this hatred is true only of himself, not of Ariel and the other air spirits. In two lines he speaks two lies.

96. **Burn but**: but burn, only burn, don't forget to burn.

97. **brave utensils**: fine articles for household use; beautiful household stuff! Caliban (by a slight ignorance of the English language) by this means the furniture, rich robes that Prospero himself calls "trumpery" afterwards; and on which Caliban seems to have an eye, as a good temptation for Stephano.

Scan: Hè hàs/bráve út/ènsils fòr só/hè cálls/('em). The first foot is a pyrrhic, the second a spondee, the third a trochee. -em is slurred.

98. **deck withal**: deck it with. **a house**: Prospero then has no hut or house now, and his "cell" very likely is a cave, in which these 'utensils' now are.

101-106. Caliban has borne a lasting grudge against Miranda, which he now sees a way of satisfying through Stephano; whom he thus proposes to set up as a king completely furnished, after his gross notions of kingship, with royal robes, a royal place, and a queen-consort.

101. **non-pareil**: without an equal. Scan:—Cálls hèr--à nòn/pàréil/I' név/èr sáw/à wóm/an. An Alexandrine whose slow utterance is meant to impress Stephano with the sur-pass-ing beauty of Miranda.



102. **she**: her; nominative pronoun used instead of the objective for emphasis; the objective is similarly used for the nominative (as a provincialism—"that's him").

104-107. **brave**: handsome; thus does King Stephano resolve to launch upon a career of Love and War, as befits a hero.

107-110. Gonzalo dreamed of an *Ideal Kingship* and Commonwealth; Stephano here dreams of a very *Unideal Kingship* and Kingdom. **save our graces**: God save our gracious majesties! King Stephano sings his own national Anthem, as his subjects don't sing it for him!

112. These two drunkards were overjoyed at meeting after the ship-wreck, became bosom friends over the bottle, became jealous, quarrelled, and here are again fast friends—all in the course of an hour or two.

116. Ariel has learnt of this secret—most important for his master.

119. **while-ere**: ere while, a short time ago. See note, l. I.

120. **do reason**: act reasonably; his reasonable action is *to sing*, which he does at once.

124. **thought is free**: one can think what he likes, and nobody can prevent him. Stephano sings this song out of tune.

125. Within this hour or two Caliban had learnt the words and the tunes of ribald songs from his new master, and here *the pupil corrects his teacher*; a pupil, apt in learning to drink and to sing low songs, but averse to learning better things from another master from whom all he had learnt was how to curse.

128. **picture of Nobody**: an invisible player; lit. picture of an anonymous person; referring (1) to a comedy named *Nobody and Somebody*; or (2) to a ballad that had an engraving of a ragged man, with the words beneath, "Nobody is my name, that beareth everybody's blame".

130. **take . . . list**: show yourself or not, play or cease playing, as you please; Stephano is evidently frightened.

131. So is Trinculo; but he does not try to conceal his fright, unlike Stephano who puts on a bold face.



132. The saying is "Death is the last debt of nature we have to pay."

133. **Mercy . . . us:** Stephano's show of courage here breaks down, but he picks himself up again.

134. Caliban remains unmoved; and his tone shows a great lowering in his estimation of his new "noble lord and master". So with the savages of America, great familiarity with the white man of civilization bred contempt for the meaner specimens of it.

136-144. Caliban here rises high in his capacity for the imaginative, as he has already done in his capacity for the rational, in thought; and in both, high above these two specimens. These sounds pervading the island at night show the *sweetness* of its enchantments, as those of the storm showed their *terrors* and Caliban's object is to reassure Stephano. Well may Pope re-name the "Uninhabited Island" of the Folios, the "Enchanted Island".

145-147. Stephano is talking of the prospective sweets of Kingship, when Caliban reminds him of the necessity of first attaining it—"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." This is why he is eager to reassure him.

148. **by and by:** at once; he seems ashamed of having forgotten all about it. **I . . . story:** but he pretends not to have forgotten—"I remember your story all about the sorcerer and tyrant"; he is not so enthusiastic about the dangers to be encountered as he is about the sweets to be enjoyed.

151. Neither is Trinculo about the viceroyalty, as much as he is about enjoying the music, to the very end, before setting about the dangerous work of murder. **after;** not at once ("by and by"), but after we have heard the music through; these two would-be murderers are of a very different kind from the other two that we have seen.

152-154. The speeches are to be so assigned to the speakers as to show the reluctance of both to follow Caliban's lead to Prospero's cell, and their eagerness to follow the music. **he . . . on:** he is playing with a will, irresistibly, with might and main. **Wilt come:** (1) (addressed to Trinculo) will you come with me, and we'll both go after the music? (2) (addressed to Caliban who is reluctant to follow the music) will you come with us? As it is Trinculo

who replies, (1) may be the correct way; and Caliban, perforce, goes with them, silently. (3) Read "*Trinc.* Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano." (no comma after "follow"); addressed by Trinculo to Caliban. This is what they seem to have done: After saying "Lead, monster," and the monster *not* leading, Stephano, impatient, himself leads, and leads in the direction of the music. Trinculo follows him, and as he runs, he calls on Caliban to come on, which the latter does without a word. Why? Because the music is leading them *the very same way* as that towards Prospero's cell, as Caliban well knows. There is neither road nor track, but Ariel has taken a bee-line towards the cell, as Caliban quickly finds out from his native, jungle-life instinct. All three thus run in the same direction, two on music, one on murder, bent. But little do they know that their first destination is to be the horse-pond, which really is a cess-pool, near the cell.

SCENE 3

1-10. There are now two parties wandering about the island, the king and his suite, and the sham-king and his; the one in search of his son, the other in search of the musician.

1. **By'r lakin**: by our little Lady; this is a little or mild oath.
3. **forth-rights and meanders**: straight paths and winding ones: the Meander was a river in Asia Minor, noted for its winding course.
- By . . . patience**: by your good leave; be not angry ("impatient").
5. **attached**: attacked; by derivation the two words are the same.
9. **mocks**: for it knows our search to be in vain.
10. **frustrate**: a more correct form than "frustrated".
15. **travel**: fatigue ("travail") of wandering about.
- S. D. Enter strange Shapes**: the "drollery" of l. 21.
19. **keepers**: guardian angels.
21. **living drollery**: a dumb-show enacted, not by puppets, but by living beings.

22. **unicorns**: the incredible thing about this fabulous beast is not merely its single horn, but stories about its never hurting a virgin (Spenser's *Fairy Queen*), and about the way that lions "betray them with trees" (*Julius Caesar*).

23. **one tree**: on which the phoenix builds its nest (as told in Lily's *Euphues*, and in the poem of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*): botanists have destroyed all the miraculous uniqueness about this tree, by naming the common date palm from it, *phoenix dactylifera*. **phoenix**: a fabulous bird, only *one* of its kind living at a time for 500 years, after which it cremated itself; and out of its ashes a young phoenix, its successor, arose: a story with variations.

25. **come**: let it come; if any one tells it to me.

97. These two men have said they will swallow any traveller's tales, however incredible: Gonzalo is more discriminating, and notices what the other two never cared to notice: namely, the gentleness of these strange shapes—a gentleness not often found among his own kind—human beings.

35. And Prospero, who sees his old friend after twelve years, though unseen by him, bears him out, but adding that some human beings are worse than devils; (there are two such present now).

36. **muse**: wonder.

39. **excellent . . . discourse**: a charming way of talking by signs. **praise . . . departing**: don't be so hasty in praising them; wait till they depart, and see if you will be so ready to praise them *then* (l. 58).

43-49. In an earlier scene Gonzalo had gravely satirized the Golden Age that Montaigne fancied he had found in the institutions of the Commonwealth of Cannibals; he here satirizes the travellers' tales that many navigators had brought back to Europe from the New World; and especially those narrated by Raleigh, in his *Voyage to Trinidad*, when he sailed up the Orinoco, in 1595. 'Your Majesty need not fear that there is anything uncanny about these strange shapes that we see; they are not the work of diabolical witchcraft; they will not hurt us; they are merely the ordinary inhabitants of this island, as I have said; for is it not true that beings, once taken for monstrosities, are found to be only ordinary human beings suffering from goitre; and (here comes in the irony) is it not true, as Sir Walter Raleigh himself has said, that the ordinary inhabitants of the regions of the Orinoco are what, without his authoritative testimony, we would pronounce to be fictitious monsters? Therefore, Your Majesty, do accept the hospitality of these gentlemanly

people, who are only the ordinary natives of this island'. **when . . . boys:** we must suppose Gonzalo to have been a boy *before* these and similar monstrosities were being discovered; i.e. before the discovery of the New World.

44-45. Early travellers (among them, Mandeville) told tales about such mountaineers, which, after all, turned out to be true; as these "dewlaps" and "wallets" were found to be nothing more than the diseased swelling on the neck called *goitre* in France, and *Derbyshire neck* in England; and so far Gonzalo is right in saying that stories, that no one believed years ago, are now found to be true. **mountaineers:** the Swiss who, for long centuries, have particularly suffered from this disease.

46-47. But here Gonzalo (i.e. Shakespeare under his name) is ironical about other stories, especially those told by Raleigh, which he implies he disbelieves:—"Next (about the mouths of the Orinoco) are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because *every child* in these provinces affirms the same . . . they are reported to have eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders". No wonder if neither Gonzalo nor Shakespeare could digest this. The same credulity is shown by the Spaniard, Caranza, in a description of the "Empire of Guiana, called *El Nuovo Dorado* (The New Golden City)," 1594.

47-48. But now that I am old, I see people go in numbers to trade and to seek adventures in the New World, and bring back stories of these wonders that they assure us they have seen; and everybody believes them to be true descriptions of the ordinary inhabitants of that hemisphere whom they have met; but fifty years ago, when I was a boy, nobody would have believed them. **putter out . . . one:** every merchant-adventurer who goes out to the new hemisphere after insuring himself at home on advantageous terms; these terms were made with those whom we would now call "Underwriters at Lloyd's"; and were these—"If I return from the voyage alive, you will pay me £5 for every £1 that I pay you now as premium; if I lose my life out there, the premium becomes

your property ". This strange kind of insurance is referred to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*: " I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's Court in Constantinople ". **putter-out**: one who invests or lays out his money as a premium on insurance. **of five for one**: (Ff.) on the condition of receiving five for one; this meaning is quite clear, but the reading should have been "*of one for five*," to give it; (1) accordingly this emendation has been made; (2) the Ff. reading is retained and "*of*" given the forced meaning of "on condition of receiving" and not "*paying*", which is the natural meaning; (3) "*putter-out*" is explained as "one who puts out to sea"; this is incorrect, for putting out *of money* is the question here, clearly.

49. **Good . . . of**: perfect assurance of the truth of.

S. D. harpy: in Greek mythology, winged monsters with human faces and eagle's claws, that snatched away the food from the famished Aeneas and his followers, after their narrow escape from shipwreck. **quaint device**: by a clever stage arrangement the harpy *seemed* to devour the banquet (l. 84), when in reality it was switched off the stage.

54. That employs this earth and all that it holds, as its agents to carry out its decrees.

55. **sea**: objective case, governed by "*hath caused*".

56. **you**: ungrammatical repetition of "*whom*", l. 53.

58. This explains l. 39; you will not praise them *now*, after this their cruel deception of us.

60. I have driven you to that form of madness that makes men attempt suicide. **proper**: own.

61. **Fate** Destiny, Providence (l. 53). **elements**: material; applied here to inanimate things on the analogy of the (four) elements of which animate beings (and living man) were composed.

62. **of whom**: of which.

64. **still closing**: always closing up again, when divided; always healing up when wounded.

65. **one dowle**: a single fibre in a feather.

67. **massy**: older form of "*massive*"; found in Milton too.



71. **requit**: requited, repaid, punished. **it**: the exposure; a noun understood from the verb "*exposed*".

74. An imposing Alexandrine. **creatures**: (three syllables) living beings, me and my follower.

77-78. In a tragedy, this terrible threat would have been carried out as the ending of the play; but in a comedy here, a door of escape from it is left open to repentance, ll. 81-82. **at once**: in sense qualifies "*death*"—sudden death.

81-82. There is nothing to avert it except remorse, repentance and a blameless life in the future.

84. **grace . . . devouring**: you seemed to eat up all the banquet in the daintiest way imaginable.

85. **nothing bated**: not a word being forgotten and left out; verbatim; referring to Ariel's speech, ll. 53-82, that Prospero had taught him ("**hadst to say**") to repeat carefully, word for word; the rest of the play turns on this speech; hence Prospero's special care in preparing it, and his high praise of Ariel for delivering it so well.

86. **with . . . life**: to the very life, in the most lifelike manner.

87. **observation**: attention. **strange**: surprizingly careful.

88. **kinds**: parts assigned to them, such as, bringing in the banquet, offering it in dumb show &c.

89. **knit up**: tied up hard; so that they cannot regain their sanity, unless it pleases me to let them do so.

90. **distractions**: (pl.) each in his distraction.

93. **mine**: for *my*, here before a consonant, oftener before a vowel; e.g. "*mine own*".

S. D. **Exit above**: if this is to be the stage direction, then Prospero must have himself been sitting or standing *in the air*.

94-95. Good Gonzalo had not heard a word of that terrible speech, which was addressed to the three men of guilt alone.

O . . . **monstrous**: this is *not* spoken in reply to Gonzalo, but aloud and distractedly to himself.

99. **bass**: thundered out the name of Prospero, as the bass or deepest notes of an accompaniment to the high shrieking of the winds and the loud surging of the waves: what terrible music for guilty



ears! We have another storm here—a storm in the mind and within the breast of a guilty man.

101. The suicidal impulse comes irresistibly upon him (l. 60).

102. These two men are still defiant, though their challenge shows that they also have been driven mad. **over**: one after another, fiend after fiend, legion after legion.

104-106. Gonzalo sees clearly that all three are mad; but, never having heard Ariel's speech, he ascribes it to natural (not magical) causes; their guilty consciences, he thinks, have slowly awaked ("a great time after"), and now, after years, begins to torture them and drive them to madness; just as a slow poison begins to work with terrible effect, long after it has been administered.

107-109. The good old man asks the two younger good men to run after them (as he himself cannot run fast enough), and see that they do not carry out their threats, either against themselves or against others. **ecstasy**: madness; a going out of one's mind; lit. a standing out of (Gk. *eksistas*) one's usual frame of mind. **Follow**: follow me. **you**: Francisco and others; these being "walking" stage personages, Antonio's nameless son among them.

ACT IV

SCENE 1

3. **a thrid . . . life**: a third (old spelling 'thrid') part of my life; Prospero himself, his dead wife and his living daughter, are the three parts that make up the whole of his life. This is the second glimpse we have of the late Duchess, Lady Prospero: the first when we were told of the perfection of her life as a wife; this second, when we are told of her undying share in her husband's heart, though dead herself. It took two centuries before Shakespeare critics saw this simple meaning until Hunter and Magnusson pointed it out; till then (and even after) they went about making wrong emendations and giving wrong explanations; such as (1) reading "*thread*".

"*end*" &c., and explaining as "*fibre*," "*thread on the distaff of the Fates*"; or (2) reading "*third*," and incorrectly explaining as "*Prospero, Miranda and Ferdinand*," or "*Prospero, Miranda and his kingdom*," or "*third and final cause*" &c. If it is "*fibre*," how many fibres made up one strand, and how many strands made up the thread of his life, and what fraction would the loss of *one* out of many amount to? If "*kingdom*," why not "*magic art*," which he loved more than his kingdom? And what is Prospero's life and love worth, if in them Miranda has no more than an *equal* share with kingdom or magic art, or Ferdinand? "*Distaff*" and "*Fates*" and "*final causes*" are mere random shots at explanation.

12. **Against an oracle**: even if an oracle of the gods were to contradict it: Ferdinand talks like a heathen here; so does Prospero in l. 23.

16. **sanctimonious**: sanctified.

18. **aspersion**: rain; the grace of God, that makes marriage fruitful, as rain from heaven makes a plant bear fruit (l. 19); the word is suggested by the ceremony of aspersion (when the priest sprinkles the congregation with holy water) in the ritual of the Holy Mass.

19. **grow**: thrive and bear fruit. **barren hate**: hatred between husband and wife caused by her childlessness.

21. **weeds**: the hatred, disdain and discord above.

23. **Hymen**: god of marriage in Greek mythology; represented as holding a burning torch.

24. **fair issue**: not merely (1) lovable sons and daughters, but (2) children born in lawful wedlock—a special desire of rulers, where succession to the throne is hereditary in the legitimate line alone.

25. **With . . . now**: with love that will never grow less than what it is now; (as love at first sight too often does). **murkiest den**: Prospero's home, with all Miranda's skill at house-keeping, was after all a dark cave.

27. **Our . . . can**: our evil genius (1) knows, or (2) can suggest. **can** in (1) has the old meaning of 'know' as in "*cunning*." **suggestion**: temptation.

28. What a contrast is this to Caliban's attempt on Miranda!



30. **or**: either. **founded**: gone lame, up on the highway of the sky.

31. **below**: below earth.

33. **What**: an impatient call.

35. **meaner**: subordinate to you.

37. **the rabble**: the common spirits of the air, "meaner" spirits above; neither word is used disparagingly here.

41. **vanity**: illusion; empty show of what my art can do; what Prospero had already done in the magic line was also illusion, but illusion with a serious purpose; this that he is going to do, is meant to amuse.

44-48. As the hour of his release draws nearer, Ariel's spirits rise higher.

49. **delicate**: lovely: Ariel and Prospero are now on the best of terms.

50. The rest of what he has to say to his future son-in-law, Prospero wishes to speak in strict privacy; and Ariel understands it ("Well, I conceive").

56. **liver**: this, the largest internal organ in man, seems also to have been the seat of the largest number of his passions and emotions, in the fanciful physiology of those times; here it is the passion of animal love.

57. **corollary**: supernumerary; a spirit or two more than the masque absolutely requires; Ariel seems to have known the subject of the masque and the cast it needed, though we never hear Prospero tell him anything about it before this. Lat. *corollarium*, (1) price for a flower garland (*corolla*); (2) gift added to price; (3) an addition to a proof (as in Euclid); from Lat. *corona*, Gk. *korōnē*: (1) a crown, (2) a bent thing like a crown's bill, (3) a bent ornament round head, or neck: such are the branchings out of the word.

58. **pertly**: quickly, smartly; contraction of *apert*, open; (hence, later, saucy malapert).

S. D. A Masque: a stage show in which originally the performers wore masks, representing mythological or allegorical personages, danced, sang songs, but spoke nothing, and acted otherwise in dumb show; on this ground, and on that of the "lightness"

or "weakness" of the spoken matter here, critics have summarily pronounced these portions to be "un-Shakespearian," the delegated or interpolated work of some inferior hand, and have bodily cut out ll. 60-105 and ll. 128-138, leaving only ll. 106-127 as being "Shakespearian." We shall see, as we proceed through these castaway lines, what this heroic surgery on the text is worth.

60. **Ceres**: on the ground that Ceres must be the goddess of *cereals* only, this speech has been condemned as full of mistakes in making flowers, vines, pastures, bush growth, fall "within her province"; the answer is that the Roman Ceres is the Greek Demeter, "mother of the earth", and of *all* the vegetable world on it; and she herself says so in l. 82 ("my proud earth").

63. **thatched . . . stover**: thickly covered with growth of fodder for cattle. **stover**: necessary supplies, from *estovers* (law term), wood allowed free by land-lord to tenant.

64. Many readings:—(1) Ff. *pioned and twilled brims*: river banks ("brims") dug up ("pioned") and ridged with furrows ("twilled"); (2) *pioned and filled*: (river banks) trenched and tilled for agriculture; (*pioned*: Fr. *pion*, foot soldier, Lat. *pes*, foot, Anglo-Indian *peon*, 'dak-runner,' Eng. *pioneer*, digger, miner, mining engineer in army); (3) *pioned and tuliped*: covered with growths of peony and tulip flowers; (4) far-fetched readings like *pinioned and quilled* (with feathery-looking reeds), "lillied," "willowed," "twisted"; also, there is much needless hair-splitting as to the exact kind of flowers meant.

65. **spongy**: showery. **betrimms**: (1) with those flowers in (3) above; (2) adorns with (any kind of) flowers growing on the soil prepared as in (1) and (2) above; this dressing of the soil having taken place *before* April, and the flowers springing up among the corn, for which the soil had been dressed (as poppies spring up among wheat); (1) and (2) above (l. 64) thus bring Ceres out in a full picture as goddess of agriculture, while (3) is a partial, pretty bit of commonplace, and (4) can be summarily dismissed.

66. **cold . . . crowns**: both adjectives indicate the *chastity* of the nymphs present, as the adjectives "white, cold, virgin" indicate that of the betrothal (ll. 24 sq. and ll. 54 sq.). **brown groves**: (1) Ff. read: "broom groves," groves of this bush; but

because bushes cannot form a grove tall enough to walk under, we have (2) the reading "*brown groves*": dark woods, "*brown*" often having this meaning in older English; "*shadow*" (l. 67) favours (2).

68. **pole-clipt vineyards**: vineyards with vines clipping the poles on which they are trained; vineyards with poles clipped with vines that are trained on them. **clipt**: clung close to by vines: it is the vines that *clip* and the poles that *are clipped*; there is no real confusion; and an emendation *pale-clipt* (vineyards), surrounded by pales or a palisade, is wrong, because what we want to see are the vines on the poles, and not the palisade (if there is one) round the vineyard.

70. **dost air**: takest the air in the open; takest a walk.
queen . . . sky: Juno, who wants to see the queen of the earth.

71. **watery arch**: the rainbow, i.e., the goddess or her pathway from heaven to earth, (and not the rainbow of science, that consists of particles of water). **I**: Iris, goddess of the rainbow.

72. **sovereign grace**: gracious will and pleasure, as sovereign over all other goddesses.

74. **her peacocks**: Juno's chariot was drawn by these birds.
amain: on strong wings, at full speed (and will soon bring her here).

60-70. These lines present a full and vivid picture of Ceres's domains: cornfields, mountain pastures in summer, meadows for fodder in winter, flower-banks, brushwood, vineyards, barren, rocky seashore. This is all quite Shakespearian; its lightness and brightness quite suit the rainbow-coloured Iris, from whom we don't want the depth and gloom of a black-coated Hamlet monologue; and there is no force or truth in criticism that thinks otherwise.

78. **wings**:—(say) winds that bring rain.

79. **honey-drops**: refreshing rain drops, (as the next words explain).

81. (1) lands covered with vegetation of low growth and lands devoid of such vegetation; (2) cultivated lands with cornfields, separated by hedge-rows ('*bosky*'), and open pasture lands.
unshrubb'd: devoid of bushes, open.

84. As Juno Matrona, she was the protecting goodess of women, and especially presided over marriage, and its fertility (ll. 19-24);



in the absence of a Christian priest, and in this land of magic, she is called in to celebrate the present marriage (or betrothal). This masque, then, is connected with the Action of the play; and this connection could not be shown by mere dumb-show or songs; as stricklers for the "pure" masque would have it to be, by cutting out the *spoken* portions.

85. **donation**: blessings; which are duly bestowed in ll. 106-109.

87-88. If Venus is to be present, Juno refuses to attend to bless the marriage.

89-90. And the reason of her refusal is this personal outrage on her feelings done by Venus: Hades, or Dis, or Pluto, god of the lower regions, carried off Persephonè or Proserpina by force, when she was gathering flowers in one of her mother's fields; this *unholy* love had been inspired into the ravisher by Venus and Cupid; and Demeter or Ceres had sworn never henceforth to visit Olympus or any other place, where this mother and son would be present.

92-97. Iris assures Juno that there is no chance of her meeting either of them on the enchanted island; for having once before tried their hand at working similar mischief on it, they had failed, and had left it in disgust.

94. **dove-drawn**: Venus's chariot was drawn by a team of doves, the emblems of billing and cooing love.

98-101. Venus, mortified by that failure, had gone back ("again") to her own island, at the far end of the Mediterranean; and Cupid, irritated, at *his* failure, had smashed his bow and arrows (with which he had vainly hoped to transfix the hearts of Ferdinand and Miranda): had sworn to give up altogether his profession (of inspirer of "hot" love in human bosoms), and to become a mere little boy, (who understands nothing of love), and play with pet sparrows. Here again is a close connection with one of the finest passages in the action of the play—the recent scenes between Ferdinand and Miranda—which connection its writer must have meant, and of which he would surely not delegate the writing to one of the imaginary apprentices that critics give him, as master playwright, in a workshop for turning out plays.

98. **Mars's . . . minion**: the lascivious mistress of Mars (god of war); Venus, wife of Vulcan, had indulged in a shameful intrigue with Mars.

99. **waspy-headed**: Cupid, the usually smiling god of war, had quite lost his temper at this rebuff to his usually successful shooting at this bad shot he had made.

100. **sparrows**: there is sarcasm at Cupid's choice of this bird for a plaything: "Sparrows must not build in his house eaves; because they are lecherous" (*Measure for Measure*).

102. Poets ascribe a slow, measured, majestic step to the queen of heaven. Cp. *gaja-gāminī* in Sanskrit poetry.

103. **bounteous**: pouring forth her gifts upon earth: allegorized by the horn of plenty (*cornucopia*) of Amalthea. **Go**: come; a common meaning in olden English.

104. **prosperous**: the word irresistibly suggests a pun upon the name *Prospero*, though it suits, not the "twain", but their "issue": may old Prospero's *grandchildren*, be little, young Prosperos!

110-117. Why do critics, who cut out ll. 60-69, retain these lines? Both give the same extensive domain on earth to Ceres, beginning and ending in such a way that there will be no winter. Retain both passages.

110. Scan, either (1) *Eárrh's/increáse/foíson/pléntý/*: four brisk, tripping trochees; "earth's" dissyllable with "eä-", as it still is pronounced in Scotch, "airth"; or (2) *Eárrhès/increáse &c. earthës*, dissyllable, with Old Eng. possessive "-es".

114-115. May spring come to you earliest and depart latest; so there will be little or no winter: say, spring would begin after harvest, pass on to summer and autumn and begin again.

119. **charmingly**: (1) captivately (l. 122); (2) through magic charms; as the question following suggests.

122. Ferdinand forgets the attractions of a throne in the heart of civilization, and longs to live as the disciple of a magician in the midst of a life after nature; and his hope is to be, not King Ferdinand of Naples, but Ferdinand (or Prospero II), king of the Enchanted Island: he longs to be the new Adam with Miranda



as the new Eve, both living in this new Paradise. **confines:** elements where they dwell.

123. **so . . . wondered:** qualifies both "*father*" and "*wife*." **wife:** (1) emended reading (correct) meaning Miranda; the place would *not* be a Paradise without her; for Prospero's presence in it alone would not do. (2) Ff. reading *wise* (corrupt but largely followed), "*father*" being understood: "*wonderful and wise father*" is pointless commonplace here.

124. **Makes:** (sing.); this lends only seeming support to (2) above; for (1) the singular is often used for a verb with a plural nominative, agreeing with the *nearest* nominative, if singular; or (2) the virtual nom. here is "*the fact*" of having such a father and such a wife. There is surely a pun here—Prospero is *Mirandus* in the masculine as *Miranda* is in the feminine, both being "*wondered*"; they are both, *real* wonders; we have seen a *sham* wonder in Caliban's sham *Mirandus*, Stephano.

S. D. Juno and Ceres whisper: the result of this whispering is seen in the dumbshow that follows (l. 138). The two goddesses themselves have solemnized the marriage; the dumbshow celebrates the merry-making that should follow on the solemnization.

124. **silence:** spells are broken if interrupted by ordinary talk; hence too l. 127 ("*hush . . . mute*"). Since Ferdinand has done speaking, these words "*Sweet, now, silence*" must be addressed to Miranda, who seemed as if she wished to speak in turn; we may be sure that what she wished to say was "*And wherever Ferdinand likes to live, there too I like to live with him.*"

127. **Naiades:** nymphs dwelling in fresh waters (rivers, fountains &c.) as their guardian spirits. **windring:** (1) winding; perhaps a verb "*winder*," invented on the analogy of "*meander*"; (2) a mere misprint for *wandering*.

130. **crisp:** rippling.

132. **temperate:** chaste; these are the nymphs of l. 66. **celebrate:** rejoice over, announce with merry-makings.

133. **contract:** solemn rites of marriage just performed.



134. **sickle**men: reapers; these also are spirits dressed up as harvesters. **August**: the hot month with its "dog-days."

135. **Come . . . furrow**: it would be going too far to infer that the action of the play took place in August.

137. **encounter**: face, meet; often used so of friendly meetings. **every one**: all of you, sicklemen.

138. **country footing**: dancing "country dances," rustic dances in which the partners faced each other.

S. D. **heavily**: mournfully; Prospero's magic had produced that noise, to make them vanish; which he did, when he remembered about the conspiracy (l. 139).

142. **avoid**: begone. The derivation is different from "avaunt."

143. Scan: (1) This *is*/strange/your fáth/èr's in/sòme páss/(ion). The first foot is a trochee, the second is doubly stressed; "ion" hypersyllable; or (2) This's strange/your fáth/èr's in/sòme pás/siòn; "this is," monosyllable, "passion" 3 syllables.

145. Ferdinand had before this seen Prospero in a passion, but being then only *pretended*, it never made him look so terrible as he does now, when he is in a *real* passion; and that is due to this last and worst proof of Caliban's incurable ingratitude; of any danger from it he had little fear.

146. Scan: You dò/look/my sòn/in à/mòv/èd sórt/; the first and fourth feet are unstressed (pyrrhics), the second and fifth doubly stressed monosyllables, the pyrrhics compensating the double stresses and giving virtually the same time as five feet.

151-158. Prospero's wisdom draws the moral from this masque: This solid world and man's busy life in it, are no more than a passing dream.

151. **baseless fabric**: superstructure without a foundation. **this vision**: this masque and its setting.

154. **inherit**: possess. Are we to suppose that the setting of this masque contained, besides the sweet, rural scene of Cere's domain, also an imposing urban one like that in ll. 152-53? If so, then in



one of the "solemn temples" in it, may have been solemnized the marriage ceremony, by the officiating goddesses, Juno and Ceres.

155. **pageant**: state shows, like the Lord Mayor's Show, used to be celebrated under this name of "pageants," in some of which Elizabeth and James I themselves took a part.

156. **rack**: (1) *Ff.* reading: the slightest trace; *the rack* is a mass of light, white clouds, *a rack* is one of these clouds, in an otherwise calm, clear blue sky, (called *cirrus* clouds in meteorology); hence *reek*, smoke; (2) reading *wreck*: critics who adopt this, disregard what Richardson so well pointed out, that a mass of solid ruins that "wreck" means, cannot possibly be applicable to the vanishing of a show that in itself is, not solid, but unsubstantial. The comparison here is with masses of heavy storm clouds taking fantastic shapes of towers, palaces and temples; and then, when the storm is over, vanishing without leaving even a single fleecy cloud behind, in the now clear sky.

156-158. We human beings, with the events that make up our lives, look upon ourselves and upon them as being solid substantial realities; but they and we are, like these cloud phantasms, passing shadows and dreams, not lasting realities; and when we and our lives pass away, we sleep the sleep of a dreamless death. **little**: short-lived. **rounded**: completed, when the little circle of life has been drawn to the full; "rounded" here does not mean "surrounded," nor is there anything here about "Berkeley's theory," nor is "completed" as the meaning of "rounded" disconnected with the description preceding (all of which a critic thinks to be the case while he misunderstands the description itself).

159. Prospero, as he spoke the above, with eyes looking through the dream of life on earth, far into the Beyond, completely recovered his serenity; and here he apologizes for his angry looks to Ferdinand, calling them his infirmity, his weakness, with all his old urbanity as duke.

162. **I'll walk**: he does not wish to tell them his real object, when he asks to be left alone.

163. **We . . . peace**: this amounts to a salutation at parting, and Ferdinand and Miranda *exeunt* here.



164. **I thank ye:** (1) Ff. reading, "*I thank thee*" with comma, as if addressed to Ariel; this is incorrect, for there is no occasion now to thank him; (2) reading "*you*" or "*ye*," with colon, and addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda for complying with his wish, and spoken *after* they had said "*good-bye*" and had turned to go. How little does Miranda speak in this wedding scene, and how well does it become her as a bride to behave so!

165. **Thy . . . to:** I comply with your wishes instantly, I comply with them as quick as thought ("*at a thought*").

170. Scan: Sàÿ 'gain/where/didst thòu/leáve those/várlèts/. The second foot is a doubly stressed monosyllable: the third, fourth and fifth feet are impatient trochees. *Where* is doubly stressed, for all Ariel's answer is to that *one* word; the trochees give vent to Prospero's anger; in their efforts to get smooth iambs, in and out of place, critics have weakened this vehemence by reading "*but say*," "*say yet*," "*well say*"; all this is mere padding; for people in a rage don't think of using qualifying words like these and Shakespeare's rhythm, especially in this and other late plays, is not subject to the laws of metrical Medes and Persians.

172. **smote . . . faces:** struck out with clenched fists at the air for daring to touch their faces! this and l. 173 show the actions of drunken men, trying to get up their courage.

173. **beat . . . feet:** stamped angrily on the ground for daring to touch their feet.

174: **yet . . . project:** but, this time, never forgetting about the murder they had planned; and by their sparring and stamping they meant to show how completely they would finish off old Prospero!

176. **unbacked:** wild, never yet broken in by a rider.

177. **Advanced:** raised in surprise.

178. **As . . . Music:** as pleased with the music as they would be at the smell (and sight) of food; colts and horses after being allowed to go loose, are caught again by holding out a basket of food. **smelt music:** put unexpectedly for "*smelt food*," by a comic figure of speech common in Aristophanes. **so:** so well.

179. They followed my music as willingly as calves follow the lowing of a cow.



182. **filthy, mantled**: (1) Ff. reading with a comma; filthy and mantled; filthy from top to bottom, and covered on top with floating scum; (2) reading *filthy-mantled* with a hyphen: filthily covered; covered on top with a film of floating scum. (1) is the better reading for it gives the idea of filthiness throughout, and not merely on the surface as (2) does.

184. So that the waters of the pool stank worse than their stinking feet; their floundering about had stirred up the filth at the bottom.

186. **trumpery**: Prospero talks slightly of the rich garments &c., that good Gonzalo had put into the boat (I. ii. 164), little dreaming of this "good stead" that we see them standing in here.

187. **stale**: bait; lit. things exposed to be *stolen* by thieves, and so to catch them. (The New English Dictionary however discredits this origin of the word.)

188. After twelve years of patient effort to reclaim this savage, Prospero comes here at last to the conclusion that it is hopeless; his father was the devil (I. ii. 266-319) and he himself is a devil, for how quickly had he picked up vices!

189. **Nurture**: education, moral training; often meaning this in Old Eng. *The Book of Nurture* is the title of an old book on good breeding.²

191. **with age**: when Caliban was born on this island, Ariel had been imprisoned by his mother and remained so for 12 years, until Prospero landed and released him; himself living 12 years more since then, on the island. Caliban therefore is now about 24 years of age; and at this age he is what Prospero says he is: this, then is Shakespeare's picture of the Irreclaimable Savage in reply to Montaigne's fancy of the Noble Savage.

193. Critics who talk about Prospero's "domineering tyranny" forget that it never extends beyond making its "slaves" roar, or using threats that he never means to carry out.

194. **blind mole**: this is proof that Prospero's "cell" was a *cave* (see l. 216 "mouth"); moles live in galleries that they dig underground and were popularly thought to be blind, because of the smallness of their eyes, completely hidden by fur.



195. **Hear**: the mole is thought to have very sharp ears, to make up for its supposed want of eyes.

198. **the Jack**: the jack-o'-lantern, the will-o'-the-wisp.

199. Trinculo is thinking of a ducking in a horsepond. Prospero kept no horses, and this pond was a cess-pool; sanitation in Prospero's days (and in Shakespeare's) left much to be desired, even with magic to help! once a way of dealing out rough and ready "justice" by those who took the law into their own hands.
all: all over my body, head to foot.

206. **hoodwink**: evidently means 'close our eyes to' (this misadventure); make us forget it and so make us amends for it. Caliban's English is faulty here and there, though he is full of thought and intelligence.

214. **be over ears**: have to wade into the pond up to my ears, and more.

216. Caliban's thoughts are intent upon killing Prospero; Stephano's upon recovering his bottles.

217. **good mischief**: act of murder that will result in our freedom; thus, to him, an act of murder is an act of virtue.

221. **bloody**: bloodthirsty: Caliban's timely reminder about the kingship, stirs up Stephano's valour afresh, and turns his thoughts from the lost bottle to gaining a throne.

222-223. The ballad says "King Stephen was a worthy peer, His breeches cost him but a crown, He held them sixpence all too dear" &c.

224. Caliban's superiority in intelligence and concentration of will over these "mean whites" is here seen.

226. We know what is of value, and what is not, in an old clothes shop; sailors were well acquainted with these slop-shops 'long-shore.

228. Trinculo had pulled off and put on a gown; he here tamely puts it off, and hands it over to King Stephano, as ordered by him, in exercise of his royal prerogative.

231. **Let's along**: let us get on with the work we have in hand; the Ff. reading "alone" is corrupt.

234. **strange stuff**: Strange things to look at, pinched all over; **stuff**: pun: (1) clothing (2) swollen appearance from the pinching; we

would look more strange in *that* clothing (the pinching), than you do in *this* (the gown).

235-237. "Madam Line" (with a bow towards the line on which the frippery is hung aloft), this "jerkin is mine, and by your leave, I shall take lawful possession of my property" (pulling the jerkin off the line); "now the jerkin is below the line" (it had, before, been *on* the line, it is now *under* it being not aloft but in his hands); "and being" (with a pun on *line* (1) rope, clothes line, (2) equator) "under the line" (under the equator, *i.e.* on the equator; since parallels of latitude and longitude including the parallel of the equator, were supposed to pass *overhead* in the sky and *above* a ship at sea), "jerkin, you will become bald" (for sailors became bald from heat in equatorial seas). I explain thus, not finding other explanations given to be satisfactory.

239. Trinculo pulls things off the line himself urging Stephano to do the same, gleefully saying "*Do, do,*" let us get on, let us get on; pull off more, pull off more; we steal steadily, accurately. He pulls off things from the line keeping good time, counting one, two, three and then giving a pull. **line:** pun: (1) clothes line; (2) line of the horizon, suggesting "*level*". **level:** surveyor's levelling instrument for taking latitude and longitude at sea, requiring, when used, a steady hand and accurate sighting. Stephano stole by legal right. Trinculo steals with mathematical accuracy:—Trinculo prides himself, as drunken men do, on the *steadiness* of his hands, as he pulls things off the line: Stephano's hands were unsteady. **an it . . . grace:** Trinculo addresses his king as a loyal subject should.

241. King Stephano hereby appoints Trinculo to be his court-jester. **a garment:** pulling off another piece of clothing from the line, to give to Trinculo as a royal gift or *largesse* for the joke. Stephano is a liberal-handed King!

244. **pass of pate:** keen sally of wit, a thrust, a *passado*, made, not with the point of a rapier, but with the keenness of the brain. **another:** pulling another article off the line. King Stephano seems now to claim the whole of this *treasure trove* to be his, as crown property, as by law it is, and only allows Trinculo a share in it as a free gift from himself.



245-246. By this time a good part of the frippery has been pulled down by the two, and Caliban is told to pull off the rest. **lime**: bird-lime; so that the things may stick to his fingers, as they don't seem to do up to now; Caliban had not joined the two in stripping the line.

248-249. More references to traveller's tales. **barnacles**: On a kind of tree there grew shell-fishes instead of pods; these falling into water, the shells opened, and out came a little gosling that grew up into a goose! **apes**: in eastern tales (*e.g.* the *Arabian Nights*) we have stories of human beings being turned into apes by magic. **villainous low**: it is strange that Caliban should speak of low foreheads with contempt, unless his own was high; which, for all his intelligence, we would hardly expect.

252-254. So the projected murder ends only in actual theft; and king Stephano, marching heroically to slay the usurper Prospero, ends by becoming a common thief.

259. **dry**: shrivelling up the sufferer to look like a withered old man.

260. **aged**: that the old suffer from.

261. Both these animals are spotted or strongly marked. **Cat o' mountain**: catamount, wild cat (or lynx).

263. **at my mercy**: Prospero repeatedly uses this expression, and it is perfectly true; for had he wished it, could he not have destroyed them? He did not, but forgave them.

ACT V

SCENE 1

2. **crack not**: hold, break not, fail not; his enemies are *spell-bound*. **obey**: rebellion had been threatened.

3. **upright** . . . **carriage**: Old time is usually represented as stooping from age; but here, as marching erect; since events have

all marched apace, and all had turned out as Prospero had wished them to be.

4. Indication of time again, 6 p.m. **on**: about, near.

5. Here, as everywhere, Ariel shows his impatience to be free, which his respect for his master cannot make him suppress; and here, as everywhere, his master repeats his promise anew to free him: only, yet one thing more!

7. Scan: hów fáres/thè kíng/àn's/fóll/òwèrs/cònfín'd/tògèth/(er). Alexandrine, the first foot is doubly stressed (spondee), "an's" for "and his," fourth foot is unstressed (pyrrhic), compensating the first, "-er" hypersyllabic.

9. Scan: (1) Júst ás/yoù left'em/áll prís/'nèrs Sír/: there are only four feet here; the first and third are doubly stressed (spondees), thus compensating the want of a foot; (2) five iambs to make five regular feet give the fourth and fifth feet as

"prísón/ers Sír" (Fr. prisonniers). I prefer (1) and know of no instance in English of such an accent on this word, as in (2).

10. **lime-grove**: grove of lime or linden trees.

12. **brother**: monosyllable, like "brer" in Negro English ("brer Rabbit" in *Uncle Remus*). **distracted**: dissyllable, "-ed" being hypersyllabic; or the word being written "distract."

18. **affections . . . tender**: your tender feelings would be moved.

20. Scan: Mine wòuld/Sír/wèrè Ì/humáne/ànd míne/sháll/the- first foot is a trochee ("mine," stressed), the second an unstressed and the sixth a stressed monosyllable, together making an iambic foot by a metrical *tnesis*, that makes the whole line a pentameter.

23. I, human like them, feel pleasure and pain as keenly as they do.

24. **Passion**: suffer, feel pain.

25. **their**: done by them.

27. Men are more often vindictive than forgiving; and if I forgive, my virtue of forgiveness will raise me above the common run of men, who are vindictive, and not forgiving.



29-30. This is the great moral aspect of Prospero's oft-mentioned "project"; and this makes this play (a comedy) a *drama of Forgiveness*, as other plays (tragedies) are dramas of Revenge.

28. **Not . . . farther**: not even so slight an expression of anger as a frown.

31. **charms . . . break**: I will now undo my charms, "crack" them (l. 2).

33-50. This description of a magician's *Powers* is based on those of the magician Medea, described in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; but that of the *Renunciation* of those powers given here, is all Shakespeare's own; the magician's command over the powers of nature is common to Ovid and Shakespeare, but his command over the little supernatural beings, through whose agency he compels those mighty powers to obey him, *against* their own will, we may say, is all his own; and there is no "source" of this fairy agency, at once weak and mighty, in Ovid or Ayrrer, or anywhere else, except in Shakespeare's own unrivalled imagination.

33-34. This is that Fairy Agency (fairies exist in abundance in romance) who composed the pigmy or Liliputian army of spirits, commanded by Air-Marshal Ariel, serving under Prospero, King of the Enchanted Isle and Lord of the Magic World; who now addresses his army in this Farewell Order, before disbanding it.

33. **standing**: still, opposed to "running" ("brooks").

34. **printless**: leaving no footprints.

36. **demi-puppets**: living dolls. **demi**: half inanimate like dolls, and half animate, like living beings. **puppets**: small in size like dolls; Dr. Furness says: "There is a reason for *demi*, but what it is I cannot say." Well, here is a reason. He adds that to explain it by "half a puppet" (as a critic does) "is motion without progression"; very true.

37. **green . . . ringlets**: fairy rings, fairy circles; seen in grass of a taller growth and deeper green than the surrounding grass, sour to the taste, and avoided by sheep.

39. Make mushrooms spring up at night, as stools to sit on when tired, or as umbrellas against the blazing moonlight!

40. And are glad to hear the bell warning human beings that it is time to retire indoors for the night. **curfew**: Fr. *couvre-feu*,

a bell that, by a law of William the Conqueror, was rung at 8 p.m. as an order for all fires to be covered or put out in houses, and all people to retire indoors. The law was abolished by Henry I; but for centuries after, down to the days of Gray's *Elegy*, the curfew bell continued to be rung, to give the time of the night to people, before the use of clocks spread to remote country places.

37-40. These fairies are glad to hear the curfew, for it leaves their favourite haunts free from the intrusion of human eyes; they dance to their hearts' content in circles on the grass, making those fairy rings; when tired they stamp their little feet on the ground, when up spring mushrooms, on which they sit, and rest! Those fungi then are "fairy stools"; the seats used by gnomes, when they came up from underground for fresh air, were "toad stools."

41. **weak masters**: unable, when left to yourselves, to do anything more than harmless little actions, like those above (ll. 34-40); but able, when working as servants of a powerful magician, to perform such terrible actions as those below (ll. 41-50).

42-45. As he did when he raised the storm. **given fire**: evidently a thunder cloud here is a cannon, the lightning, the flash of the exploding gunpowder, and the thunder, the report of the explosion.

43. This raging war that we have actually seen with our own eyes, and that has been described so poetically by both Miranda and Ariel.

45. This must have happened during the storm too; all we know is that Prospero threatened to do so once, but that was to punish Ariel. **Jove's oak**: the oracle of Zeus, at Dodona, spoke out of an oak tree, sacred to that god.

46-48. We must take these tremendous proofs of his magical power on trust from Prospero; as well we may, after seeing what he has actually done.

49. All the above showed Prospero's command over the forces of Nature on earth; here is shown his command over the dead, in the world beyond, as a Necromancer.

54. **airy charm**: a spell that binds them in invisible chains.

54-57. This is the *Great Renunciation*; before he renounces his magic powers, he describes their potency on earth, on water, in



sky, below the earth, among the living, over the dead. What an empire has Prospero ruled over!

55. **certain fathoms**: the depth must have been specified in his book, and was necessary for the action to be efficacious.

56. Both Alonzo (III. iii. 131) and Prospero use the same words, almost, for unfathomable depths; both the Atlantic and the less deep Mediterranean would offer many troughs in their bottom, beyond the reach of the sounding lines of ships in Elizabethan times.

S. D. The three bad men, now raving mad, are attended by the three good men, untouched by any madness, who have been provided in the play, among other good offices, for this good office.

58-61. The madness caused by magic incantation is very properly going to be cured by magic music; but real madness caused by remorse for crime was also cured so, as Saul's was by David's harp, and as Pythagoras is said to have cured madness with the lyre.

60. **useless**: unable to think rationally, or to will effectively (as, for directing your limbs to movement and action). **boil'd**: boiling, seething with the fire of madness. **thy**: addressed particularly to Alonzo; whose remorse was greater, and whose crime was less, than those of the other two. **There**: pointing to the spot where all three stood.

61. **you**: addressed to all three, standing motionless alike.

62. Prospero now looks at Gonzalo, who is himself quite sane, but dazed, standing by Alonzo, to take care of him. An absurd note makes ll. 60, 61 to be addressed to Alonzo and Gonzalo. Prospero would not dream of addressing the two men together, one guilty, the other innocent, in the same breath.

62-64. Addressed to Gonzalo in wholly different tones, and with wholly different feelings. **Holy**: untouched by the guilt of these three men; though spoken to, this is really spoken of Gonzalo, who is still too dazed to understand him, but begins to show signs of returning consciousness by shedding tears at all that has happened, so distressing, so inexplicable.

63. 'My eyes, in full sympathy with yours, shed tears in token of that sympathy'; Prospero feels for Gonzalo's condition, but it was necessary for the three good men to be dazed, as for the three bad



ones to be driven mad, for the success of his project. **even**: nothing but, entirely. **show**: tearful appearance.

64. **Fall**: cause to fall, shed.

66. Prospero has been speaking of them, ("their," l. 67) and then speaking to them, ("thou," "you," ll. 72, 74, 75) as they are gradually recovering their senses, under the influence of the music.

67. **ignorant . . . reason**: stupor that shrouds and benumbs their reason.

69. **sir**: signor; Prospero does not address him as king addressing a subject, but as friend a friend, as preserved a preserver. **loyal**: when all other nobles and courtiers had been won over by the usurper to his side.

72. Now that they are sufficiently recovered to understand him, he addresses each of the three *by name*; and tells each of his crime and its punishment.

75. **You**: there is indignant emphasis on the word.

76. **remorse**: pity; a common Elizabethan meaning.

77. **inward pinches**: stings of conscience.

79-82. The gradual return of their senses is compared to the slowly rising flood tide; and their late demented state, to the muddy bed of a river uncovered by the ebbtide.

83. **yet**: (1) they do not yet look at Prospero; (2) (better) they do look at Prospero, but stupidly, unable to recognize him after the lapse of twelve years, and in this strange dress.

84. **hat and rapier**: that will present Prospero to them as an ordinary Italian gentleman or as duke or king *in undress*.

85. **discase me**: divest myself of the magic robes I have now on me.

86. **Milan**: duke of Milan: the hat and rapier alone would not do this, as coronet and ducal robes would; there were some of these among the trumpery that Gonzalo had furnished, and we may look upon Prospero here as duke in undress.

88-94. Ariel's song bears out Prospero's description of him and his kind as "demi-puppets" (l. 36). His food is honey, his bed is the cup of a flower, he rides on bat-back. The fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are just as diminutive. **bee . . . suck**:



to be able to get at the honey as a bee does, he must have been, or made himself, about the same size.

89. **cowslip's . . . lie**: to creep into the cup of a flower to sleep, he must have been, or made himself, just as small.

90. This certainly means that he slept at night, contrary to our expectation that, like all fairies, he would sleep in the daytime, and go about at night.

91. This as certainly means that he flies about at night.

92. **After sunset**: (1) Ff. reading, "*After summer*," meaning either (a) in search of summer, to a warmer climate; but bats hibernate and do not migrate, in winter; or (b) after summer is over; open to the same objection; besides both (a) and (b) describe an action in the course of a year, whereas here the description is that of this *daily* round of life; hence (2) Theobald's emendation "*After sunset*" is very appropriate; and in ll. 90 and 92 Ariel sleeps or goes about at night as he chooses.

94. As under a canopy when he likes to sit and rest.

95. **dainty**: as the manner of life he is going to live shows him to be. **miss thee**: when you retire from my service, and live as a gentleman-fairy at ease.

96. **so . . . so**: softly . . . softly; he asks Ariel to moderate his ecstasies into which he flies on hearing these last words, and attend to the work that still remains to be done.

102. **drink . . . air**: cut through the air, so that it will blow sharply against my face, and I would seem to be drinking it in. After cutting capers (l. 96) Ariel here rushes off.

104. At long last, Gonzalo finds words for the amazement that has filled him at the events of these two or three hours; and last, but not least, at the sight of the long lost Prospero (or some one very much like him) standing before him now.

105. **Inhabits**: sing. verb to several nominatives, and agreeing in number with the one nearest.

112. **trifle**: unreality, a mere human shape without substance.

114. **since . . . thee**: when brought here, I know not how (after l. 57).

115. The *gradual* recovery is meant; ll. 79-82.

116-117. If what I have been experiencing is anything real (and not all a dream), it will require much explaining before I can understand it.

118. **I resign**: I grant back to you (lit. sign back) taking it away from Antonio; the meaning is not "give up my suzerainty over you"; see l. 68.

119. **my wrongs**: wrongs done by me.

120. Having first greeted Alonzo as his suzerain king, Prospero next greets his dear friend.

121. The honour due to whom from me is boundless.

122. Gonzalo cannot yet believe the evidence of his senses.

124. **subtlties**: fancy dishes; the banquet of III. iii. 18 is referred to; fancy confectionery was once called "subtlety"; such as gardens, castles, beasts, birds, made out of sugar; or what looked like dishes of food, but was really something else; the pie in which Hudson, the dwarf, was served up to Charles I was a "subtlety."

124-125. You have been so accustomed on this island to illusions, that now, when you are seeing realities ('**things certain**'), you cannot help believing that they, too, are illusions.

128. **at . . . time**: at such a time of forgiving and forgetting the past.

129. **devil . . . him**: he speaks the truth; but it must have been the devil himself who told him of our conspiracy; for how else could he have known of it? **No**: I will tell no tales: Prospero repeats himself, while Sebastian speaks aside.

Scan: I'll téll/nó táles/thè de'fl/speàks ín/hím. Nò/.

132. **rankest fault**: foulest crime; his deportation with the infant Miranda is meant. **all**: your breach of trust, your usurpation, your selling the freedom of Milan and becoming tributary.

136. **three hours hence**: indication, again, of duration of Action. But we cannot expect Alonzo to be accurate.

139. **I'm woe**: "woe" is so used for the adjective, often in ballads; a cry of grief, *ha*; Lat. *vae*, Indian *hāi*.

140. **Irreparable**: accent on "-ra," as in Lat. term, *-abilis*. **patience**: three syllables as in Fr.; the whole line is a long-drawn Alexandrine.



145. **as late**: and as recent as your loss. **supportable**: accent on "-ta" (Lat. -abilis); "-ble," hypersyllable.

146. **much weaker**: for though you have lost a son, you have still a daughter left; while I have lost my only child. Prospero artfully draws on the talk to be about daughters.

148. In spite of the "abhorrence" of critics, there is no doubt that in both places "*daughter*" here is a trisyllable; Prospero draws it out to show his (pretended) grief, Alonzo draws it out to show his surprise. Polonius in *Hamlet* draws it out to impress Ophelia with the wisdom of his lecture to her; Britishers in some country parts still draw it out into "*da-a-ter*"; and centuries ago when the Aryans in India spoke Sanskrit, they made it an ordinary trisyllabic word, "*du-hi-tri*"; likewise the Greeks, ancient and modern.

149-151. Events are falling out luckily now, thick and fast. Even before he is asked, Alonzo gives his consent to the marriage, or, rather, shows his eagerness for it, and proposes it himself.

150. **The**: as *the*. **were**: were so living (as king and queen).

152. **daughter**: now that the subject is not the daughter herself, but the manner of her loss, the word not only drops into the ordinary dissyllable, but, in scanning, has its second syllable lopped off, leaving only *daught*'.

154. **encounter**: meeting between them and me. **admire**: wonder.

155-156. All the lords, good and bad alike, still stand amazed with open mouths ('**devour their reason**'), staring eyes ('**scarce . . . eyes . . . truth**'), and tongue-tied ('**words . . . breath**'); wonder makes them forget reason, disbelieve the evidence of their eyes; and afraid to speak, as if distrustful of their very voices being their own; this makes "*they*," "*their eyes*," "*their words*," all refer to the lords and an emendation "*these words*" meaning "*these words that I speak*," destroys this symmetry in sound and sense, and is wrong; the lords think that their eyes are presenting illusions to them, and, if they spoke, that their voices would utter illusions too.

162. **yet**: at present.

163. **of . . . day**: a story that, told day after day, will need days to tell.

168. Alonzo, as king, reinstates Prospero as duke, on the former status of his recognizing the suzerainty of Naples and without the humiliation of paying a tribute. **again:** back.

170. **a wonder:** a living son. **content:** please, delight.

S. D. **playing at chess:** a delicate proof of the absence of all sentimental "love-making" between this couple, is given by their engagement upon this most intellectual of pastimes. Much learning has been displayed to show that chess was a "royal game," and that *that* was the reason of their playing it; but the point here is not to show them as "royal" lovers, but as pure-hearted lovers; and to contrast this chaste love with the impure lust, that was the severest shock to Miranda's feelings when yet a girl. As a chess-player, Miranda beats Ferdinand.

172. **play . . . false:** double meaning: (1) have inadvertently made a wrong move; which, very likely, he has, and Miranda has detected. **me:** to my disadvantage; this complaint delicately conceals any appearance of superior intelligence that her correction of him might have; (2) have intentionally made a wrong move, to gain an unfair advantage over me. Miranda means (1); Ferdinand takes it to mean (2).

174. **Yes . . . wrangle:** yes, you would play me false for less than all the world; you would do it for the sake of twenty kingdoms only in the world. **wrangle:** (1) contradict me; say that you are playing me fair, when I say you are playing me false. (2) *wrong men* is a good emendation.

175. **And . . . play:** Why should she call it fair play when she knew it was not? Because she will not contradict her husband. This is a presage. As in mere game now, so when queen of Naples, she, while submitting to him outwardly, will direct and rule him in reality. "If you still said it was fair play, I would give in to you, and say it was so." Miranda is superior to Ferdinand in intellect or "brains"; so is Juliet to Romeo, so is Portia to Bassanio; and these men are the equals of these ladies only in strength and purity of love.

176. Ferdinand has jumped up at the voice and the sight of his father; and, after a moment of dumb astonishment finds his own voice at l. 178.



177. **twice lose**: by losing this sweet illusion of seeing him alive again, when this vision vanishes, as I fear it will. **high miracle**: This creature feels the miracle most where it touches him most: Ferdinand having turned up alive and well, his own hopes as next heir to the throne vanish.

181-183. All Miranda's intellectuality vanishes, and her artless girlishness breaks forth at this first sight of more "brave" men, to her, who had hitherto seen but two. **new world**: It is a whimsical inversion of the order of things in the 16th century of discoveries, when "brave" men *went out* to discover new worlds, that here a new world of "brave" men should *come to* Miranda, to discover itself to her! In her own way, she is a Columbus, a Somers, a Raleigh, a Frobisher, a Drake: these discovering a new world of savage Americans; she discovering, (to her) a new world of civilized Europe.

184. **'Tis . . . thee**: but it is old to me; and I know what thou dost not, that all the men in it are not "brave"; Prospero says this from sad experience, and in loving pity of the disillusion inevitably in store for Miranda; those great discoverers had the same illusion and the same disillusion, in the natives of America; whom they at first thought to be all innocent Ariels, but afterwards found out to consist of many devilish Calibans, as well: the references above to Hakluyt will show this.

187. **the goddess**: both father and son make the same flattering mistake about Miranda and her more than mortal beauty; the shipwrecked Ulysses made the same mistake about Nausicaa, but, unlike these two, that "wily one" had an ulterior object in view.

196. **hers**: her father (-in-law).

198. **my child**: my daughter (-in-law); he seeks her pardon for having been the cause of her exile; perhaps, nearly of her death.

199. **remembrances**: (pl.) the remembrance of each of several men.

200. The good Gonzalo, his voice, for a time, choked with emotion, at last recovers speech.

203. **chalked forth**: marked the track on the sea that led our ship here.



205. Was the duke banished from the capital? **his issue**: his grandsons.

208. Set up marble and granite columns, with inscriptions in gold, commemorating this event.

212. (1) And each of us is again assured of his own identity, when but lately he was doubtful of it; when each thought that everything around him was illusion, and that each was an illusion to himself. (2) All of us have recovered our senses, when but lately we had all gone mad. (1) is true of all, (2) is not true of all, but only of three.

217-218. Gonzalo has now quite recovered his spirits; and reminds us all that his prophecy, made at the opening of the play, is here fulfilled at its close: this is one of several indications that the play, in both outline and detail, was worked out in Shakespeare's mind, before he began writing it; and this is true of his other plays as well.

218-220. The boatswain, whose mouth was full of oaths during the storm, is now struck dumb at all that has happened after it. **That . . . o'erboard**: who used to jettison decent language, and, with it, all hope of salvation, out of the ship, when at sea.

221. **safely found**: found to be safe.

223. **three glasses**: in seamen's language, now and in Shakespeare's days, a "glass," or "bells," is half-an-hour; but, from the repeated mention of "three hours" before, it must mean one hour here; and it is futile preciseness to say that Shakespeare was ignorant of the proper meaning of "glass"; and wild unreason to conclude from it, as a critic does, that Shakespeare had never been at sea.

226. **tricksy**: resourceful, full of tricks and devices, but all with a good purpose; "*tricky*" would have meant, for a mischievous purpose.

229-240. Not an oath does the boatswain utter now: for these supernatural events have sobered him into decent, respectful language; the master says nothing, for he is a taciturn man; but besides being awe-stricken by the supernatural, as one responsible for the ship's navigation, he feels, like Othello, that his "occupa-

tion is gone," since no skill of his could save his ship from being wrecked and now he is struck dumb to find that ship intact.

230. **dead . . . sleep**: dead asleep, in a sound sleep.

235. **at liberty**: supply "we were set," or "we found ourselves." The omission of the verb, like the force of the single words "clapped" l. 231, and "trice," l. 238, shows how *instantaneous* these actions were.

236. **where**: from on deck. **her**: Ff. "our" is corrupt from "our" in l. 237.

238. **to eye**: at seeing. To a good captain his ship is his house, his home, his wife, his everything; hence this frantic demonstration of joy from so reserved a man.

239. Even as in a dream one thing succeeds another instantly, and without any connection apparent.

240. **moping**: half asleep, half conscious of what was going on; the word now means 'dispirited.' **Was't done**: Ariel's impatience for freedom, makes him, at every opening he gets, to put in a word to remind Prospero how well he has earned it; and Prospero is never tired of assuring him that he has indeed; only, "one thing more remains to be done."

241. **diligence**: diligent servant.

244. **conduct**: conductor. **oracle**: revelation from above human; explanations will fail to explain.

246. **infest**: trouble; Lat. *infestus*, left open to attack, left undefended, Lat. *fendo*, to ward off; whence "defend".

247. **pick'd leisure**: leisure time that we can manage to make.

248. **single**: qualifies "you"; I shall explain to you alone; for he could not tell Alonzo certain things in the hearing of those two.

249. **which**: which resolution; noun understood from verb "resolve". **every these**: every one of these.

251. **think . . . well**: think all has been for the best; do not think that anything of what has happened is due to any malignant power.

253. **How . . . sir**: Prospero's assurances have not quite re-assured Alonzo, whose mind still broods on all that has happened.

256-258. A drunken confusion for "Every man shift for himself, and no man take care of another"; this means, if anything, that

king Stephano dissolves the conspiracy for murder, abdicates his throne, and becomes a private gentleman, "butler Stephano"; for "all is lost, and save himself who can," from this Waterloo. **coragio**: of the three, Caliban is most dejected at the failure of his plot; hence, Stephano's effort to hearten him up.

259. **if . . . spies**: if I can believe what I seem to see with my eyes.

262. **my master**: Prospero, in his fine hat and rapier, calls forth Caliban's admiration; Prospero, as his instructor and educator, only called forth his curses.

263. These two creatures, after the wreck, found only matter for low sarcasm and jesting; on Prospero's detection and concealment of their conspiracy, they had no word of shame or repentance to offer; and here, on seeing Caliban, their tongues find matter again for low jokes: ever since their entry at l. 57, they have uttered nothing except brazen-faced language like "the devil take it, we are found out" (l. 129) and "so my nephew is alive, and my hopes for the throne are dead" (l. 177).

266. **plain fish**: an unmistakable man of the sea, a merman; looking on Caliban's ugly hands as the front flippers of a manatee, and his splay feet as its hind flippers; these marine mammals were then looked upon as "fishes," because they lived in water, before science so defined a "fish," as to exclude them from the classification. **marketable**: pun; (1) that will fetch a price in the fish market; (2) that will bring in money, if exhibited as a monstrosity in Europe; the minds of both men turn upon the profit that can be made out of the creature: "there is money in it," says one money-grubber to the other.

267. **the badges**: the trappings they are wearing, and the loads (of clothing) they are carrying; the fine stolen frippery, in some of which the two had dressed themselves and others of which the third was carrying (IV. i. 252).

268. **if . . . true**: if these two men are honest men which they are not; for they are thieves (l. 272); and they are dressed in clothing that they have stolen. All three have been brought in, in the state they were in at IV. i. 250 sq., so that they might be convicted on



being caught red-handed, *flagrante delicto*. Critics go much astray in explaining this. **This . . . knave:** construction loose for "these (two) men and this knave, all three robbed me"; l. 272.

270. This power of witches over the moon and the tides is referred to in *Macbeth*, and elsewhere.

271. **deal . . . command:** (1) act as the moon's deputy in matters over which the moon held command (*e.g.* the regulation of the tides) with the moon's permission. (2) exercise power, independently of the moon, in matters over which the moon should have sole, legitimate command; and thus usurping her power. **without her power:** (1) ("her," the moon's) without having original power: having only deputed power; but the moon would certainly not transfer to a deputy the power of control *over herself* (l. 270); (2) ("her," Sycorax's) acting beyond ("without") her legitimate power; Sycorax, so powerful was her witchcraft, could usurp the powers of the moon, *e.g.* over the tides; and even subject the moon herself to her power, *e.g.* pulling her out of her orbit, and so bringing her nearer to the earth; this is what Hecate in *Macbeth*, also does. This "usurpation" was a superstitious explanation of *spring tides* and *bores*, which when they proved destructive, were ascribed to the malignant power of witchcraft.

272. **robb'ed me:** Prospero, as prosecutor before judge Alonzo, points to the finery that the two wore, the third was loaded with; this simple explanation of "badges," l. 267, escaped the critics. **demi-devil:** half human, half-devil, on sides of mother and father.

277. **drunken:** drunkard, given to that habit.

278. Sebastian adds that he is also actually drunk at this very moment.

279. **reeling-ripe:** so drunk as to be unsteady on his legs.

280. **grand liquor:** pun: (1) glorious intoxicant; (2) the grand elixir of life, the "drinkable gold" (*aurum potabile*) that alchemists had long been in search of. **gild:** pun: (1) a euphemism (like "disguised") for "made drunk"; (2) referring to the action or effect of the drinkable gold.

281. **pickle:** disgraceful state—drunk, drenched with water, covered with filth, but arrayed in royal robes!



282. **pickle**: the drenching in the horsepond (IV. i. 182 sq.); pickling of food is done in salt brine or in vinegar; *this* pickling was done in liquid filth.

283. **never . . . bones**: has given me rheumatics for life; has penetrated to the marrow of my bones.

284. Carrion flies will be scared away from laying their eggs on me, by the stench I have contracted; flies don't lay their eggs on pickled flesh, as the salt or vinegar would kill them: so would the deadly stench here.

287. **a cramp**: one mass of cramps (nervous twitchings of the muscles) from head to foot.

288. **sore**: pun: (1) full of cramps (feeling sore) (2) severe on my subjects (acting sorely, harshly).

290. You, who see him for the first time, see in him only an ugly body; I, who have known him for years have seen into the ugliness of his mind and nature.

293. So, the would-be king and his two viceroys, are degraded to menial service, and ordered to tidy up the cell for the reception of the visitors at that night's entertainment.

294. We never hear of what came of this wise resolve.

295-296. At last are Caliban's eyes opened to the truth about his late god and king and master.

298. **luggage**: the frippery in which they had dressed themselves and were carrying.

291-298. There is contempt in the words with which Prospero forgives these conspirators against his life. There is forbearance ("found") in the judge's sentence.

299. And brutal frankness ("stole") in the habitual fault-finder.

302. **waste**: keep you from sleep; spoken modestly.

308. **nuptial**: (sing: here for usual pl:) the Christian rites of marriage to follow upon and confirm the rites performed by Juno.

311. **third thought**: my frequent (every other) thought.

313. **take**: charm as by magic.

314. Prospero, then, will retain his power of magic to effect this purpose.

315. **royal fleet**: the rest of the fleet. I. ii. 232.

317. **This:** namely, to seeing that the king's ship overtakes the rest of the fleet; this is positively the *last* task that Ariel has to perform; and as this is done by magic, the king's ship in harbour in the Enchanted Island may be, together with that island, anywhere in the remotest Atlantic, to be brought thence, in a twinkling, into the Mediterranean; and there is no need for that island to be anywhere in this sea. **elements:** (1) all the four. (2) reading "*element*" the air alone, which Ariel loves best, and would most like to enjoy his freedom in.

EPILOGUE

There is no reason to think these verses to be so "un-Shakespearian," and "the idea so trite, so feeble," that it is absurd to ascribe them to the author of *The Tempest*. We shall try and see, if they are good enough to be his. From the world of *magic* power we return to this world of man's *natural* power over man: Prospero has pardoned his enemies through supernatural power; he will now try and make them his friends through common human gratitude, and trusting to human nature alone.

1-3. I fling away my acquired powers as a mighty magician, and appear before you (the audience) as an old man, with all the feebleness natural to age.

4-10. **You:** the audience; Prospero who had bound and unbound men and monsters and all the elements, when a magician, will now stand there on the boards of the stage, root-bound himself, unless and until the audience, now in their turn become magicians, will release him by the magic of their hand-clapping! (what prettier way can there be to *ask* the audience for their applause?)

8. **bare island:** the bare boards of the stage-floor. **Your spell:** the spell of the New Magician, the audience, which will confine the old actor, Prospero, to the spot where he now stands; as once Prospero now the ex-magician confined the king and the ship's company in the linden grove near his cell.



10. **good hands:** hands clapping applause, loud and long.
11-13. And I further pray you for the favour of your applauding voices; for, if you do not show your approval of my acting, both by hand and voice. I shall have to think (sad thought) that I have not pleased you.

11. Just as *my* magic is going to fill the sails of the king's ship for a happy voyage back to Naples, so will *your* magic make me tack round and sail back to the green-room behind the curtain; (in other words, make him turn round and retire by the side wing).

13. **my project:** this word, so often repeated in the play, is repeated once again here:—*there* the "project" was to bring evil-doers to repentance, and to forgive them: *here* the "project" is to please theatre-going pleasure-seekers by good acting.

13-16. Now that I am no longer a Magician, I have no Ariel and his army, no charms and spells, to *compel* you to applaud me; and, unless I succeed *by begging and praying* to induce you to applaud me, it may make me rush off the stage, in despair, and try, as it were, to kill myself, by giving up altogether the profession of an actor; just as I made those three guilty men rush off in despair, to kill themselves. **art to enchant:** double meaning (1) magical art to bind by spells and charms. (2) the actor's art of drawing applause from an audience, by the charm of his acting. **relieved by prayer:** relieved from my painful suspense by my prayer, as a suppliant for your applause; since I can no longer as a magician, command your applause.

17-18. But the prayers of a mere actor are as powerful as the commands of a magician, and my prayers will pierce to your very hearts; so that, if in justice you cannot applaud me, because there have been faults in my acting you will still in mercy applaud, overlooking those faults; just as, in the play, I, who in justice may have punished my enemies, when I had them "in my power," in mercy forgave them:—even so, do you show mercy to me.

19-20. As you hope to be shown indulgence, if ever you commit a fault, and hope never to be led into crime, such as you have seen these bad men commit; even so, show indulgence to me for any fault in my acting. **set me free:** as I set Ariel free, applaud me



lustily and at once, and let me not stand here, rooted to the boards, waiting for you to do it.

It is quite certain the audience did so; and that they did so, because they understood the meaning of the epilogue; which is thus seen to be as full of meaning, and of meaning, closely connected with the play, as an egg is full of meat; and which is all Shakespeare's, every word of it, to the confusion of all who think otherwise—*confusion*, for much inept criticism has in vain sought for *salvation* by devout repetition of that blessed word—“un-Shakespearian”.
